This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07593502 7

SEKI

Yours Truly
With the regards of
J. H. Collins
Boston March 28/44
Whoever borrows this
Book after it is read
will please to return it
to Abiezer Thornton Walker

F. W. Bowles lith. Boston

Drawn for the Monthly Offering

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

BOSTON:
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE,—25 CORNHILL.
DOW AND JACKSON, PRINTERS.
1841.

THE

ONTHLY OFFERING.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

BOSTON:
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE,—25 CORNHILL
AND JACKSON, PRINTERS.
1841.

F. W Bowes Jnth Pinxt

Drawn for the "Monthly Offering"

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

BOSTON:
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE,—25 CORNHILL.
DOW AND JACKSON, PRINTERS.
1841.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
280301B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B 1944 L

CONTENTS.

NO. I.

Our Object - - - - - - 1
I fear the Slave will get no benefit from it - - 4
The weekly contribution box . . - 7
Monthly Concert for the enslaved - - - 9
O! how happy - - - - - 10
The spirit which will effect the destruction of Slavery 11
Pinda—a true tale - - - - 11

NO. II.

"He is contented and happy" - - - 17
Pinda—a true tale,—concluded - - 20
Kind Treatment - - - - 28
Gratitude, a Poem - - - - 31

NO. III.

The Instinct of Childhood, - - - 33
Appeal of a Slave Mother to Mothers at the North 40
Can Slaves Feel - - - - 42
State A. S. Convention - - - - 43
Worcester A. S. Fair - - - - 44
Pray for the Slave - - - - 44

Pray for the Slaveholder - - -
Who shall Pray for the Slave - - -
The Agony and the Triumph—a Poem -

NO. IV.

What do you Abolitionists Want - - -
James Major Munroe—a Fugitive Slave - -
A Tale of Endeavor - - - -
Plead the Promises - - - - -
The Offering - - - - -
To Juvenile Societies - - - -
Lines - - - - - -
The Liberty Bell - - - -
Anecdote - - - - -
Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair - - -
Poetry—the Slave's Reply - - -

NO. V.

Sin of Slavery - - - - -
The Press - - - - -
The North Opposed to Slavery - - -
The American and the French Statesman -
Petitioning - - - - -
Liberty Bell - - - - -
Thanksgiving Hymn - - - -
Thanksgiving - - - - -

NO. VI.

James Major Munroe—a Fugitive Slave, (*concluded*)
Letter to the Editor of the Offering - -
Liberty and Equality - - - -
Dr. Channing's New Work - - -

A Fact- - - - - - - 93
Testimony of a Dying Witness - - - 93

NO. VII.

Anti-Slavery Experience - - - 97
Progress of True Principles - - - 102
A Conversation - - - - 104
Free—Extract from "The Hour and the Man" - 105

NO. VIII.

Sectarianism - - - - - 113
The Fugitive from Injustice - - - 118
Free—from "The Hour and the Man" (*concluded*) 123

NO. IX.

To Readers - - - - - 129
Anti-Slavery Fair - - - - - 130
Edward Everett - - - - 130
Keep up the Excitement - - - 131
They are Happy - - - - 132
Export - - - - - 137
The Gag - - - - - 139
Spirit of Love - - - - 142
Petitions - - - - - 144

NO. X.

Slavery as it is - - - - 145
Narrative of Nehemiah Caulkins - - 148
Eastern Rail Road - - - - 152
Something New - - - - 153
Abby Kelly - - - - - 154
Edward Everett - - - - 154

sition, contempt, and indifference is, that the avenues to the understanding and sympathy of the people have been hedged up. Those who imbued their souls with love for that scheme, have inspired them with disgust to the anti-slavery cause, and supreme contempt for those associated with it.

This state of feeling has been effected by the declaration of those who stand high in this world's estimation, that the Africans were designed by Providence to occupy an inferior and menial station in the society of the more favored whites; that they were contented in their situation; that the movements of abolitionists were rolling back the day of their redemption, and necessarily tending to create insurrection, murder and rapine; that it was a direct violation of the spirit of the constitution to discuss the subject at the North; besides a thousand and one other objections that were daily retailed by the haters of freedom. Our hope and the hope of the slave, is in the people, but they can never be made to act until they can be reached and all these objections removed. This, in connection with the weekly contribution, will be the design of "The Offering." It will be our endeavor to enlist sympathy for the cause, by holding up to view the suffering and benighted slave. Our articles shall be adapted to the wants of those who have read but little upon the subject, at the same time that they are interesting to the more advanced in the school of anti-slavery.

This little work was originally designed to aid and encourage the collectors and contributors to "The Weekly Contribution Plan" in their work of love and mercy, to

insist upon the latter to be punctual in their payments, and to urge most earnestly upon the former to be prompt and regular in making their monthly collections, inasmuch as the entire success of the system depends upon the efforts of both; to remind them of the wrong and outrage that is imposed upon three millions of native-born Americans, to show them why their prayers, influence and worldly substance should be consecrated to redeem them from the most revolting system of cruelty and oppression the world ever saw. Yet it is hoped that "THE OFFERING," through the efforts of its friends, will gain admission to the hearts of thousands, who never have, as yet, bestowed one serious thought upon the subject. On their efforts its circulation will depend. If they think it adapted to promote the interest of the cause, will they not take prompt and efficient means to secure its circulation? Many of our best writers have engaged to furnish tales, &c. for "The Offering." Something of this kind, very interesting, may be expected from our brother HIRAM WILSON, of Toronto, Upper Canada, who is devoting all his time in educating those fugitives from *our republic*, who have taken refuge in *Victoria's dominions*. "*The Offering*" will be issued monthly, and sent to single subscribers one year for 37 1-2 cents, but to encourage our friends to aid in its circulation FOUR COPIES, or 48 pamphlets like this, will be sent to ONE ADDRESS for one dollar. Payment must invariably be made in advance. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

All communications and remittances must be addressed, postage paid, to the subscriber, 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Boston, July, 1840. J. A. COLLINS.

sition, contempt, and indifference is, that the avenues to the understanding and sympathy of the people have been hedged up. Those who imbued their souls with love for that scheme, have inspired them with disgust to the anti-slavery cause, and supreme contempt for those associated with it.

This state of feeling has been effected by the declarations of those who stand high in this world's estimation, that the Africans were designed by Providence to occupy an inferior and menial station in the society of the more favored whites; that they were contented in their situation; that the movements of abolitionists were rolling back the day of their redemption, and necessarily tending to create insurrection, murder and rapine; that it was a direct violation of the spirit of the constitution to discuss the subject at the North; besides a thousand and one other objections that were daily retailed by the haters of freedom. Our hope and the hope of the slave, is in the people, but they can never be made to act until they can be reached, and all these objections removed. This, in connection with the weekly contribution, will be the design of "The Offering." It will be our endeavor to enlist sympathy for the cause, by holding up to view the suffering and benighted slave. Our articles shall be adapted to the wants of those who have read but little upon the subject, at the same time that they are interesting to the more advanced in the school of anti-slavery.

This little work was originally designed to aid and encourage the collectors and contributors to "The Weekly Contribution Plan" in their work of love and mercy, to

sition, contempt, and indifference is, that the avenues the understanding and sympathy of the people have be hedged up. Those who imbued their souls with love that scheme, have inspired them with disgust to the ar slavery cause, and supreme contempt for those associa with it.

This state of feeling has been effected by the declaratic of those who stand high in this world's estimation, that t Africans were designed by Providence to occupy an infer and menial station in the society of the more favo whites; that they were contented in their situation; tl the movements of abolitionists were rolling back the d of their redemption, and necessarily tending to cre insurrection, murder and rapine; that it was a dir violation of the spirit of the constitution to discuss t subject at the North; besides a thousand and one other jections that were daily retailed by the haters of freedo Our hope and the hope of the slave, is in the people, t they can never be made to act until they can be reach and all these objections removed. This, in connecti with the weekly contribution, will be the design of "T Offering." It will be our endeavor to enlist sympathy the cause, by holding up to view the suffering and benig ed slave. Our articles shall be adapted to the wants those who have read but little upon the subject, at the sa time that they are interesting to the more advanced in t school of anti-slavery.

This little work was originally designed to aid and c courage the collectors and contributors to "The Weel Contribution Plan" in their work of love and mercy,

insist upon the latter to be punctual in their payments, and to urge most earnestly upon the former to be prompt and regular in making their monthly collections, inasmuch as the entire success of the system depends upon the efforts of both; to remind them of the wrong and outrage that is imposed upon three millions of native-born Americans, to show them why their prayers, influence and worldly substance should be consecrated to redeem them from the most revolting system of cruelty and oppression the world ever saw. Yet it is hoped that "THE OFFERING," through the efforts of its friends, will gain admission to the hearts of thousands, who never have, as yet, bestowed one serious thought upon the subject. On their efforts its circulation will depend. If they think it adapted to promote the interest of the cause, will they not take prompt and efficient means to secure its circulation? Many of our best writers have engaged to furnish tales, &c. for "The Offering." Something of this kind, very interesting, may be expected from our brother HIRAM WILSON, of Toronto, Upper Canada, who is devoting all his time in educating those fugitives from *our republic*, who have taken refuge in *Victoria's dominions*. "*The Offering*" will be issued monthly, and sent to single subscribers one year for 37 1-2 cents, but to encourage our friends to aid in its circulation FOUR COPIES, or 48 pamphlets like this, will be sent to ONE ADDRESS for one dollar. Payment must invariably be made in advance. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

All communications and remittances must be addressed, postage paid, to the subscriber, 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Boston, July, 1840. J. A. COLLINS.

I FEAR THE SLAVE WILL GET NO BENEFIT FROM IT.

When those who profess to be friends of the slave are asked to contribute money in aid of his cause, the reply of many of them is, "I fear the slave will get no benefit from it. None of it reaches him."

Now that there may be people who honestly entertain this opinion, we are not disposed to deny; though, if it be true, their integrity is saved at the sacrifice of their judgment and common sense. But we have no hesitation in saying, that by far the larger part of these descendants of "Walter the Doubter" make this objection mainly, if not solely, for the sake of having, at least, the shadow of an excuse for drawing tight their purse-strings, and coldly and heartlessly turning a deaf ear to the wailings of the "peeled, and the meted and outcasts of earth," and to the earnest appeals for assistance from the friends of the scourged and imbruted bondman, to liberate him from his dark and dreary prison-house.

So, then, you are afraid the slave will get no benefit from the money you are called upon to furnish the anti-slavery society to carry on its operations. Friend, whoever you may be, let me ask you, before God and your own conscience, how much of real sympathy there is in your heart when you urge this objection, for the millions who are now writhing under the lash of the driver's whip, or are toiling in the rice-swamp, or the cotton field, to support in luxury and idleness their inhuman taskmasters? You love the slave, do you? You are an abolitionist. You recognize the duty of feeling for those in bonds as bound with them. Yes; and when you are called upon to give of your abundant means for the destruction of a system which surely may be regarded as the climax of all iniquity, as the keystone to the great Babel of sin and misery which has spread over our earth, and which now towers toward heaven,—as the masterpiece in the devil's store-house of

means for marring the beauty of the moral universe, while every breeze that is wafted from the South is freighted with the groans and tears of the bleeding captive, telling us in the heart-breaking accents of unutterable woe, something of the wrong and outrage which slavery inflicts upon her victims,—while this highly favored but dreadfully guilty nation is sinking deeper and deeper from day to day in oppression and crime, and is fast ripening for an untimely and miserable end,—while there is an apathy in the public mind which one would think might cause the very stones in the streets to cry out, or there is seen a base subserviency to the slaveholding power which threatens to blight the fairest prospects of freedom throughout the world,—while all this is seen and felt around us, when you are called upon for assistance to avert the ruin which impends over us, you reply with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, "You dont know as it will benefit the slave." Well, my friend, to your own master you stand or fall. But let me entreat you, by every thing that can move the impulses of a generous heart, to ponder well your course, and no longer to occupy that position, so fatal to the interests of humanity, in which this objection places you.

N. H. W.

The above article of our brother "N. H. W." ought to make every one blush for shame, who makes an apology like the above to satisfy himself for not contributing to sustain the great cause of human rights.

Slavery is not only at war with the rights and interests of the slave, but with the whole country. This proposition is susceptible of the clearest demonstration. When the nature and influence of slavery can be fully and clearly presented to the great mass of the people, their own interests will at once, as a matter of sound expediency, lead them to give their testimony for its immediate abolition. Hence it is that those who are directly or indirectly interested in its continuance, are so unwilling that its merits should have

a free, full, and candid investigation. Free inquiry, when applied to slavery, will produce the same effect upon that system as the application of the match to the magazine.

All that is necessary, for the successful overthrow of this odious and soul-destroying system, is, that the people should be enlightened. Its cruelties should be exhibited—the prejudices of education should be removed—they should be made to see the native capabilities and resources of the colored race, and their oneness with the human family. We have every thing on our side *but the interest of a few*, to aid us in its destruction. The religion and politics of the land are its deadliest foe. The natural feelings of the soul revolt at the very idea of one man's imbruting his fellow, while all the feelings of the heart gush forth in sympathy for him in his suffering condition.

The minds of the people, then, must necessarily be enlightened before our hopes can be realized. But how can we expect the people to rush to the rescue of *Liberty* before they are aware that she has been assailed? "*And how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?*"

Arrayed against us as are the leaders both in church and state—shut out as we are from the sympathies of the *wise*, the *noble* and the *rich*, we are under the necessity of using all the means which God hath given us, to fight our way through this pro-slavery life-guard, to obtain access to the hearts and sympathies of the people, the laboring people, who get their bread by the sweat of their face. These instrumentalities are the circulation of books, pamphlets, and papers, and, above all, the sustaining of preachers or lecturers. These all require money. The printer, the paper-maker, &c., cannot work without the means to sustain themselves—the lecturers and the editors must have food and clothing for themselves and families. Their obligations to devote their labors for the slave are no greater than your own. If you are permitted to remain

at home and enjoy the society of your family and friends, you are under the highest moral obligations to aid in sustaining those who devote their time to the prosecution of this cause. They should, of all men, be free from pecuniary embarrassments. All their time, influence and energies should be used to gain admittance to the understandings and consciences of the people. It is your duty, then, instead of throwing in these icy objections, to anticipate their few wants, by giving freely as God prospers you.

REMEMBER YOUR WEEKLY PLEDGE
"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as GOD hath prospered him." The Apostle Paul's charge to the Corinthians. I Cor. xvi. 1.
TO THE MASS. A. S. SOCIETY.

THE WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION BOX.

Have you purchased one of those beautiful little contribution boxes, in which to deposit your weekly offering for

the bondman's redemption? If you have not, we would advise you to procure one forthwith, and give it a conspicuous place in the most public room in your house, where it may plead for suffering and outraged humanity. It will cost you but six and a quarter cents. A picture like the above adorns the front of the box. Behold the woman upon her knees, in chains! What sorrow and anguish are depicted upon her countenance. Perhaps she is a sister or daughter, or what is more probable, she is a poor distressed mother, imploring the GREAT GOD, with clasped hands, and earnestness equal to the occasion, to restore to her embrace, a beloved infant, which had just been torn from her bosom. It may be that the slaveholder has just deprived her of a brother, a father, or husband. Reader, what would be your feelings if slavery should enter your dwelling and desolate your fire-side, by carrying away one of your little group? Bring the thing home to yourself, and you will be better prepared to sympathize with the oppressed.

Look at the beautiful pillars of our government, entwined with chains. Around their base are fetters and clogs, and whips and gags. This is a fair representation of our republican government with respect to slavery. But, notwithstanding this revolting picture, there is something in the scene, which to the friend of the slave is truly cheering. Mark the rays of light emanating from the arch resting upon those pillars. Those rays contain not only light but heat. Already are the chains beginning to melt away. The anti-slavery societies only need funds to enable them to scatter light and heat throughout the Union, by which all these extraneous fabrics, which have gathered around the pillars of our republic, will be burned to dross and cinder. Fail not, then, as soon as you secure one of these depositories, to decide in view of your conscience and your God—in view of the degraded, brutalized, and benighted slave—in view of the declaration of your *Divine Master*, "and as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them likewise,"—we say, in view of all these

considerations, fail not to decide what shall be the amount of your weekly oblation, and then in view of that decision, let every returning Sabbath morning be a witness that you "*Remember those in bonds as bound with them.*"

MONTHLY CONCERT FOR THE ENSLAVED.

Why is it that the anti-slavery monthly concert is not established in your town? It cannot be because you have no time to spare. Do you not attend conference meetings, and political meetings, and social parties, &c. &c.? You can meet with your friends to pray for the conversion of the heathen across the waters, or beyond the Rocky Mountains, or for a revival in your own neighborhood, or for the conversion of a father, wife, sister, daughter, or some dear friend. You can meet with committees of bank, steamboat, rail-road, meeting-house and hundreds of other corporations, half a score of times every month without any inconvenience; but when you are requested to meet once a month to plead for the temporal and eternal interests of millions of the most degraded heathen in the world, forsooth you cannot command time for such a purpose. What interest have you, my friends, in the slave, when you will offer an apology like this?

Let no consideration prevent your establishing the concert forthwith in your place. Let the last Monday in every month witness your wrestlings with God for the bondman's deliverance. Let efficient plans be there made for the successful prosecution of the cause for the coming month. Let every collector have the monthly subscription collected, and then pay it over to the Treasurer, that our friend Chapman can have the money to apply to the cause as soon as may be. During every moment of delay the slave is in chains. We want to hear his ransom shout. We long to mingle our praises with his, on the great day of his redemption.

OH! HOW HAPPY!!!

The following anecdote from our brother Bishop proves conclusively that the slaves are possessed with the same feelings and emotions, and governed by the same motives and influences which would govern others under like circumstances. Read it, and judge for yourselves.

For the Offering.

"Why do you not get a wife?" said I, jokingly, one evening to a noble looking and noble hearted man of dark skin, in Virginia. "Why," he replied, looking very serious and sad, "if I must answer you, it is because I consider myself to be a *tight bound slave.* All my time and all my earnings belong to my master, so that it would be impossible for me to bestow upon a wife those little attentions which a husband should. I become so fatigued through the day, that I cannot work in the night to procure presents and little necessaries for her. Besides, if I had a wife, she would belong to some other master, so that I could not even visit her without going away to a distance, on foot, at times when I should greatly need sleep and rest. Under these and similar disabilities, I think it better for me to remain as I am. Why should I have a wife, when I cannot be a husband to her? Do you not think that I am right?"

Do slaves desire freedom? was a question that I involuntarily asked myself, and the answer rushed over my mind from the look and tone of that chained man before me. He felt that he was a slave, and his very countenance showed that his emotions were all after freedom. I shall never forget that conversation, nor can I forget that now while I am writing, this man, so noble, and so capable, is laboring for another without reward, or, to use his own words, as a "*tight bound slave.*" Let us persevere in our anti-slavery labors, till from his limbs and the limbs of his two million seven hundred thousand associates, the fetters are all melted away. J. P. B.

THE SPIRIT WHICH WILL EFFECT THE DESTRUCTION OF SLAVERY.

The following extract of a letter received from a noble-hearted friend of the slave, in Walpole, exhibits that self-sacrificing spirit, and that untiring devotion to the cause of the crushed and imbruted bondman, which, if universally manifested by those who claim to be his friends, would, with the blessing of God, soon raise him from his degradation, and give him a practical residence on the great platform of *humanity*. We say to all who may read the extract, *Go and do likewise.*

"I and my young daughter pay a weekly contribution of a cent a week apiece, and more if we can get it. But, reading your address, it drew tears of real sympathy, and I have put in one shilling. I know it is but a mite, but receive it with my prayers. I wish I had more to give, but I have just paid our monthly allowance, and can send no more this time"

PINDA:

A TRUE TALE.

By Maria Weston Chapman.

CHAPTER I.—A SHIP'S CABIN.

One dark night in the year 1836, an unusual stir took place on the deck of the good ship Eli Whitney, about to sail from Boston to Savannah. It was occasioned by the appearance of an officer, charged with a writ of *habeas corpus*, in favor of a supposed slave, who was known to have been carried on board by her master.

Slave-holders are accustomed to say that their victims cannot be persuaded to take their freedom, and to bring their own assertion as a proof of the merits of slavery It was, therefore, an anxious moment for the friends of free-

dom on shore, while they waited to learn the result of the legal process by which they offered to the poor slave-woman, the freedom secured by the laws of Massachusetts, to all slaves brought under its jurisdiction by their masters.

Their anxiety was not without cause. Notwithstanding the statement of the officer that she was free;—notwithstanding the assurances of her master that she might do as she pleased, she refused to leave the ship. She was evidently both confused and alarmed, as well as undecided, for a few moments; but she finally persisted in remaining with her master, and, to the great pain of all the friends of freedom who were aware of the circumstance, she was carried away into slavery.

They felt a double grief;—not only for the individual in question, but for the reproach her course could not fail to bring upon their cause. *They* knew, for they had felt and reflected upon this subject, and had seen and known more than the heedless community in which they lived, gave them credit for, that there might exist a thousand reasons why this woman should wish to return to Savannah, without supposing her to be in love with slavery. But they knew also that advantage would be taken of the fact by the enemies of the cause, to prove that slaves do not wish to be free.

As they expected, the newspapers of the ensuing day were loud in censure of their "impertinent interference with gentlemen's servants, who were wise enough to prefer slavery with their masters, to trusting themselves with these hare-brained philanthropists."

CHAPTER II.—THE SLAVE HUT.

"Dear wife," said Abraham to Pinda, as they stood the door of his little hut, in the yellow moonlight of a vannah evening,—"you must never lose another chance freedom out of regard to me. Look here!" (digging little sand-heap and turning up his hoarded silver to

rays.) "See what I have saved besides paying master ten dollars a month. You will want some of this at the North. Master has written to Mr. Mitchell to send you on to wait upon Missis in New Hampshire, because he feels sure of you, since that night on board the Eli Whitney. Dont cry, Pinda. If freedom don't part us, slavery will. When you get to the North, take the first chance and be off. Dont cry, Pinda, don't! See how nice I have got your trunk packed; and here is a list I got made of all the things in it; may be they have some law by which you can get the things again if you are obliged to leave them in master's hands at first. See here is the key—all safe. He has sold two or three boys lately, and our turn will come sooner or later."

This consideration helped Pinda to stifle her grief at parting from her husband. He might yet rejoin her;—they might yet be free and happy. She had no choice but to *go* to the North at the mandate of her master's agent; and she resolved, that night, to *stay* at the North, in the hope that her husband might find opportunity to follow her. When on board the Eli Whitney the chance for freedom had been presented to her, her mind had been convulsed by conflicting emotions. If she had not returned, her master, she knew, would have deemed it but a proper retribution to leave Abraham in a state of cruel uncertainty respecting her. Now, that part of the case was changed; and though the husband and wife parted in grief, it was grief mingled with hope.

CHAPTER III.—THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

On the 25th of January, 1837, the 6th annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society had called together a true hearted array of the sons and daughters of that ancient Commonwealth. "Not many rich—not many noble" were there, as the world counts riches and nobility; but of the rich in generous sympathy—the noble in their

it they will recollect stables and carriage manufactories—on the right, a row of brick dwellings. It was in the drawing-room of one of these houses, that the conversation I am about to relate, went on between the mistress of the mansion and a visitor. Both ladies seemed "on hospitable thoughts intent." "The Logans are Presbyterians, I learn," said the visitor, "and so I shall ask all our orthodox friends to meet them. I think they will be altogether more likely to be impressed by the arguments and conversation of those of their own denomination."

"When do you receive them?" rejoined the lady of the house.

"This evening," was the reply. "I am on my way there now, to invite them."

Here the conversation was interrupted. — "Some one wishes to speak with you a moment." Apologizing to her friend, the lady descended to the hall. The person in waiting informed her that, as he was crossing the street near the Providence Rail-road, he had observed a woman of color standing in the way, as if doubtful where to go. She had on her head only the turban that constitutes the head-dress of the Southern female slave, and her whole appearance bespoke her condition.

"Are you a slave?" he said. "Yes; my master sent for me to come to him, but I cannot find the way."

"Do you wish to be free?"

"Yes."

"Come with me, then;"—and he conducted her to the nearest anti-slavery dwelling, which chanced to be the one where we have seen our two ladies in conversation.

They set food before the travel-worn stranger, and bade her depend on them that no one thing that her case required should be left undone.

To be concluded in the next No.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1840.

"HE IS CONTENTED AND HAPPY,"

Though this objection is almost as old as the doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and in many places worn thread-bare and lain aside; yet, among a certain class, it is quite common. No sooner do this class of republicans and Christians hear the wretched condition of the miserable subjects of "the peculiar institutions" portrayed, than they meet it with the above objection, which they conceive to be perfectly unanswerable. It matters not to them, how great the cruelty imposed upon the slave, how benighted his mind, how ignorant of the nature, character and government of God, and the relation he sustains to HIM and his fellow creatures. It matters not how entirely ignorant he is of his temporal and eternal interests,—how unconscious of the dignity and immortality of his nature, if he does not appear like a ghost for starvation, but exhibits that indifference, and mirthfulness, characteristic of servility and degradation, in every age and country,—they instantly raise their hands and cry out, "Dont agitate the subject, they are contented and happy."

Only arrange the machinery so as to make him unconscious of the wrong,—just benumb the soul of the victim by the touch of the torpedo slavery—extinguish, if possible, the fire of freedom, as it enkindles in the soul, and if you can reduce him to the condition of a brute, so that he is satisfied with his scanty rations, and pleased when he can evade the snappings of the lash, or escape the watchings of his task-master; in a word, if he can be so lost to all the attributes of man as to be "contented and happy," he has not been wronged nor outraged. The nature and

degree of the guilt is not to be graduated by the atrocity of the crime, but by the intelligence and feelings of him upon whom the outrage is committed.

THIS WILL SUPERCEDE ALL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS.

Let this system of benevolence be at once universally adopted, and never interfere with a community, if those who compose it are but "contented and happy." Let the Missionary Societies call home their laborers from the whole world, as it is generally understood that the heathen are satisfied with their condition, and desire to walk in the footsteps of their fathers. Even the Hindoo widow, as she casts her body to be consumed upon the burning pile of her deceased husband; the mother, as she throws her smiling infant to be drowned in the waters of the Ganges, and the devotees to Juggernaut, as they prostrate themselves before its car, and are crushed, are all "contented and happy."

Whisper no rebuke in the ears of an inebriate, or to the man who imports, manufactures or vends "the liquid fire," unless it can be perfectly shown that they are not "*contented and happy;*" and finally never admonish your neighbor of the wretchedness that awaits him, as he is going down the broad road to eternal ruin, if he is so unconscious of his condition as to be "contented and happy."

What a beautiful system! How admirably adapted relieve mankind of all the ills flesh is heir to! If cares of life oppress you, or misfortune crosses your p —if poverty stares you in the face, or the irksome hour day roll heavily along, the remedy is plain. There is

"A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for y-our fears."

Put yourselves under the guardian care of Franklir Armfield, who will kindly provide you with a hon life, where you can luxuriate under the driver's las bask in a Georgia's sun, upon a rice swamp, cotton or sugar plantation. How distressing it was, that habitants of this country did not understand the na *this universal Panacea*, when war seemed inevitabl

France, on account of her unwillingness to acknowledge our claim to a few millions of her francs; and with England, too, because she laid claim to a few square leagues of our territory, of little more value than so much blue sky. If they had known their best good, they would have prayed these governments to convert them into things, goods, and chattels personal, to all intents, purposes, and constructions, whatsoever—to rob them of all their rights,—in a word, to make them slaves, and then, this done, oh! how "*contented and happy*" they would have been.

HAPPINESS IN THE SLAVE CONDEMNS THE SYSTEM.

But what is slavery? What is its influence upon the mind and soul? It is easy to conceive of many of the cruelties it inflicts upon the body of the slave; but as cruel, monstrous, and heart-rending as these may be, they are but as dust in the balance, to the wrong it inflicts upon the mind. It has a darker feature. It aims at the annihilation of the soul. Slavery endeavors to reduce the man, mentally, to the condition of the brute, and in proportion as it succeeds in this, he rises in value. It aims to thrust its poisoned sting into the very centre of his heart,—to seal over the avenues to his understanding,—to annihilate all desires for improvement—to stand between his conscience and his God. Man was created to be free, free to go and come at his pleasure,—to search after knowledge and to pry into all the mysteries of the Godhead,—to make, continually, new discoveries in scientific and religious truth,—never to be satisfied with his present attainments, but to be always progressing. This principle is developed in every department of society, and strikingly exemplified in the school boy, as he desires to enter a class in advance of himself. To enter that class is the desire of his heart. Every thing is made subsidiary to that object. But no sooner is this purpose accomplished, than he reaches forward for higher attainments, and advancing thus, step by step, eventually becomes dissatisfied with any thing short of Newtonian science. Thus the mind will, throughout eternity, be approximating to the great Fountain of all knowl-

edge and perfection, the CREATOR. This is stitutes the happiness of man: it is his peculiar tic in contradistinction from that of the brute. system which can annihilate in the slave his n ings for freedom, paralize the energies of his out his inborn desires for improvement, so th "contented and happy" in being entirely used f benefit, needs no further evidence to convict it, guage of the immortal WESLEY, of being "*the e of all villanies.*" This alone is conclusive agai tem of slavery.

PINDA:

A TRUE TALE,

By Maria Weston Chapman.

Concluded from page 16.

"Master sent for me to be forwarded here t cannot find the way. I should not go near l has my trunk with every thing I have. We going down the river, and I was put on board and my trunk on board another, which got on ter's house is here," she said, showing a soi paper, on which was written, though it it had most illegible, "No. 5 Court Street."

"What is your master's name?" exclaimed in a breath.

"LOGAN."

Great was the astonishment of the two fr wonderful coincidence. "Truth was stran than fiction." Here then was the "happy s hero of the Massachusetts annual meeting! l who had refused to take her freedom;—the h Eli Whitney, who had dared slavery that s distress the heart of her husband.

Her new friends advised her to go openly t and claim her freedom and her property, face

shook her head. "He could contrive to hinder me in a thousand ways, if I let him know first. No,—I'd better take my clothes and things and go off before he knows—if I knew how to find this place."

"Follow me," said the projector of the Presbyterian tea-party. "I am going there this moment, and shall delight to show you the way."

Forward they went, down Washington Street, up Court Street;—the lady rung at No. 5, and delivered her note of invitation to the servant;—Pinda squeezed past, inquiring for "my master"—and so ended this eventful morning.

CHAPTER V.—THE TEA PARTY.

As 7 o'clock that evening drew nigh, the guests began to gather around the pleasant hearth of the "South-end Abolitionist." The Logans, for whom the party had been made, failed not to be of the number.

The talk naturally fell on slavery, and Mr. Logan, however open to conviction he might have kept his mind, confessed himself still unconverted. He dwelt particularly on the unfitness of the slaves for freedom, and on their unwillingness to receive it. Again "my woman" was walked over the course, as at the annual meeting, and the fact of her arrival that morning announced.

"How she ever found me," he said, "I cannot conjecture." The hostess, who labored under no such uncertainty as to the *modus operandi*, looked hard into the fire, the better to conceal her inclination to laugh.

"She could not even procure a carriage," he continued, "to bring her to me from the rail-road. There is much boasting of liberty at the North, but there seems to be little real justice here for her race." This was too painfully true to excite mirth.

"I think," he went on, smiling courteously, with a slight and general bow to the company, "that we of the South may defy even such zeal and perseverance, as I admiringly acknowledge in the abolitionists. We can rely on the at-

tachment of our servants. I knew, when I sent to my agent for the one who arrived this morning, how much pleasure it would give her to rejoin us."

The host, unaware of the developments of the morning, could not enter so fully as the ladies, into the exquisite comedy of the scene, but the words "I sent to my agent &c." arrested his attention; and by a mute glance, he took the company to witness that here was a case in which a slave might hereafter require their aid to prove her master's acknowledged agency in her transportation.

In the relative position of the company to each other, affected as it had been by the events of the morning, a free flow of conversation could hardly be expected. Some, wondering at the constrained manner of others, strove to sustain the conversation upon the scriptural arguments, and the loveliness of liberty—but it was a relief to all when the evening was at an end. To one party, that they might recount to each other the events of the day;—to the other, that they might, with the help of "our woman," just arrived, arrange their line of march from No. 5 Court Street to New Hampshire, which was to be taken up the ensuing morning.

How many a slip is there between the cup and the lip! "Our woman," on being summoned by Mr. Hogan, to attend upon the night-toilette of her mistress, was ascertained to be in society altogether unbecoming the character of "an attached slave;"—i. e. *among the missing*.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FREE DWELLING.

After a few weeks residence with the friend whose house had first sheltered her, Pinda expressed a desire to be no longer dependent on any one, for what her own exertions might procure. She selected a room in ——— Street, where she lived as happily as the separation from her husband would permit. She experienced no difficulty in providing for all her wants by the labor of her hands. It was, to say the least, *as easy*, she found, to wash, iron, brew, bake, sweep or "clean paint," *for a consideration*,

as to do all these things without receiving any consideration at all.

She was sometimes annoyed by Mr. Logan, who never failed, when he visited Boston, to alarm her by endeavors to find out her humble apartment, or to send her some threat, from which, in her uncertainty as to the extent of his power, she could not help suffering.

She used, when so annoyed, to pay a visit to "her people," as she always called those who first sheltered her, that she might obtain fresh assurance of the safety of her new position.

"Mr. Logan tells us," said this family to her, (for they always made it a point of conscience to transmit his messages;) "that he wants you to go back with him, that he may have you nursed up, and taken care of." "Why did not he take care of me when he had the chance?" was the reply.

"He says he wishes very much to see you."

"I have seen as much as I want to *of him*.

When those who had the opportunity of watching the facts here narrated, as they evolved from the arrangements of Providence, hear it said that slaves cannot take care of themselves if made free, they point to PINDA, living in freedom with industrious and provident comfort.

When they hear the ignorant and heartless assertion that slaves do not wish to be free, they point to PINDA, struggling between the claims of freedom and affection.

When they hear it denied that the North is guilty of upholding slavery, they point to the "gentlemanly and religious slave-holder,"—connected by marriage with the farthest North—bringing his slaves into the free New Hampshire homes—taking his place in the assemblies of our northern social and religious life—partaking of every symbol of Christian communion—following his letters of introduction into the first society, and disseminating every where the principles of unrighteousness and slavery: and then they bid the beholder mark the conduct of those who

claim to represent the piety and intelligence of the North towards such a man.

They claim to be ministers of Christ and conservators o morals; yet their "poor dumb mouths" are never opene on this giant iniquity, and silent they are determined to re main, till the mouths of "Garrison and the like" are shut When we see such men, racked by the pressure of a pub lic in the process of regeneration, all refusing to do mor than to admit that "it might, perhaps, be well for men to *be gin* to *consider* this subject," they point to the *slave-holder* unrebuked and incessant labors among us, and say; "while we have among us devotedness to slavery like this, and continue to sustain religious teachers who refuse to condemn it, while they unhesitatingly denounce abolitionists, what can be said but that the North is guilty of upholding slavery with the most powerful means she possesses?"

CHAPTER VII.—THE SURPRISE.

A year and seven months from the time of Pinda's arrival in Boston, as the cold November rains began to set in, she sat lonely by her humble hearth in B. street. A melancholy feeling crept over her as she thought of her absent husband, and of the length of time that had elapsed since they parted. She thought of all the dreadful uncertainties of his situation. Had Mr. Logan sold him to the far South? Had he kept him in ignorance of her fate? Had he succeeded in making Abraham believe Pinda dishonest and unworthy? She had every reason to suppose the latter might be the case, as Mr. Logan had spared no pains to create prejudice against her in the minds of her new friends, by declaring that she had robbed Abraham of all his savings before she left Savannah, as well as himself of large sums. Her heart sunk within her as she weighed the probabilities that she might never again behold her husband. She had once procured a letter to be written to him, but how many contingencies might have prevented his receiving it. The mail does not run for slaves, nor, as aboli-

tionists have learned to their cost, for truly freemen either. In this, at least, we are in bonds as bound with them.

Overpowered with painful reflections, she sat nourishing the expiring fire, till it seemed the emblem of her perishing hopes. A knocking at the door aroused her, and as she opened it a man of color stood in the passage, bidding her come to a certain house he mentioned in Battery-march Street that evening, and she would find a letter from her husband. He was alive then—well, perhaps—still confided in her affection and integrity. She could hardly wait for evening, and its first stars saw her on her way to the place of appointment. The same man received her on her arrival, but seemed in no haste to produce the promised letter. He talked vaguely of the many changes and chances of life, and how we ought to be prepared for whatever might take place. What—what has happened, she strove to say; but she could not speak the words. "What would you say," continued the man, "if the person from whom you expect to receive a letter were not far from here?" Pinda rose—fear, doubt, joy, struggling within her for the mastery. She made a step towards the entrance—her consciousness gave way, and she fell fainting to the floor. The humane man, who had striven in vain to prepare her for the unexpected arrival, raised her up and succeeded in reviving her.

Her husband was called in, and all the various experiences of both recounted. "I am here," said Abraham. "How I got here you must not tell, for it may bring kind people into difficulty, and close up the way to those who are left behind. Our two little children—it is well they are dead. We have not left them in slavery. 970 dollars I have paid master since he first hired me out 6 years ago, and have paid all my own clothes, food, doctoring, and for all the doctoring that Pinda needed, even to a spoonful of oatmeal, though she was master's house-slave: and to hear him say that she stole!" "Yes," interrupted Pinda, "he said that I had robbed you and himself." Abraham could not suppress an interjection of contempt. "Is not all that I have yours, Pinda, and could it be in better hands?"

Abraham gave evidence, in all his remarks, of sound sense and right feeling. Aware that his own case differed from that of his wife, he being a fugitive, and she protected by the law in the enjoyment of her freedom, he laid his plans for safety with acuteness, and followed them out with steadiness. He keenly realized, though the fair and the wealthy find it difficult to do so, that the freest state of the twenty six has so much to do with slavery that there is not a foot of ground in all its fair territory where the fugitive may feel secure. Not a hamlet where he can be assured that men will let the outcast dwell with them and bewray not him that wandereth. Both the husband and wife were perfectly aware of the cares and duties of freedom—of its responsibilities, as well as of its delights. "No," said Pinda, "in reply to one who queried whether slavery were not as easy to be borne as the disadvantages and possible privations of their new condition,—"a crust here, with only cold water, is better than the greatest plenty in slavery. All my youth I have suffered under different mistresses with no enjoyment of my family. Now, Abraham is with me. I will take care of him—he will take care of me. We may suffer with the cold—we may suffer from want, but our last days will be our best days, for we are FREE."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION.

Two ways opened to Abraham, either of which would ensure his safety from pursuit. One was the way to Canada—the other to Guiana. While making up his mind respecting them, his thoughts often reverted to the condition of his afflicted people at the South; and he felt, what every human soul *ought* deeply to feel,—"that Freedom itself is not sweet to a man, while a brother is suffering in bondage." Many a midnight found him in discussion with Pinda upon the "principles and measures of Anti-Slavery Societies." It was surprising how little difficulty they found in comprehending problems that had puzzled Theological institutions, and whole bodies of clergymen. They

saw, as by intuition, how their former Master's northern friends and associates might bring him to understand, if they would, that slavery was an intolerable abomination. It was no riddle to them "What the North had to do with it." It was to them as clear as the sun at noon-day, that the Boston man who manufactured "negro-cloths" for the Savannah man, and took his pay in cotton, had precisely the same interest in the continuance of slavery as the latter. It was no marvel to them that the members of Park St. Bowdoin St. Federal St. and Berry St. &c. who perchance held mortgages of *Southern property*, or deeds of Alabama lands, should give their respective ministers to understand that it was disagreeable to them to hear notices read on Sunday of an anti-slavery meeting.

They had had opportunities to know how many a northern conscience is killed with kindness at the South;—and how many a southern conscience, strengthened in iniquity by the conduct of professors of religion at the North. It looked as clear as day to them, that the more members there were in a church, the easier the minister's salary was raised:—and they saw that as matters stood, the richest men would be the first to quit a church whose discipline forbade participation in slaveholding.

They saw why it should be as much as a minister's living was worth to be an abolitionist, and what made it so difficult to "work with Mr. Garrison."

That enigma, "immediate emancipation," was not too much for *their* philosophy: that dark saying "slavery is a sin in all circumstances," looked luminous to their ethics. Anti-Slavery Societies of men and women, helping each other to put a stop to slavery, looked to them as natural as life, and as beautiful as religion. If a man hated slavery, they saw that he would just as surely call "all hands to the work," as he would breathe.

But then they had had those actual illuminations on the subject, before which the fashionable mental difficulties flee away like fog before the sun of a summer morning. Thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, or the severing of the first-born,

would soon make a man see, they thought, that all this hanging back sprung out of selfish sympathy with the master, and the want of common human feeling for the slave.

Seeing so clearly and feeling so deeply, as these two did, their first inquiry was, "What shall we DO? Poor as they were, they felt rich in the possession of liberty, and they gave their mite to extend it to others, with that effusion of heart, so lovely and so rare, that commands a blessing upon the spot where it is poured out.

"Just the thing for us!" they said; as they saw the "weekly contribution plan," set up in the dwelling they loved so well to visit, as it was so many centuries ago in the dwellings of the Christian Greeks. They entered their names upon the card as subscribers, each of a cent a week; and as they might so soon depart, they paid in advance. The little boxes of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, the savings banks of the cause, have the aperture made too narrow for the reception of any but small coins; and the contributors to the West Street box blushed to think that the first time that the size of a donation rendered it necessary to raise the cover for its admission, was when Pinda brought her discolored Mexican dollar, yet incrusted with the sand of its Savannah hiding-place,) to carry on the operations of the Massachusetts Society against Slavery.

KIND TREATMENT.

Probably no one of the multitude of objections, urged by slaveholders and their apologists against the abolitionists, has ever gulled more people, or contributed more effectually to quell the gushing tide of sympathy for those in bonds, which rises spontaneously in every human heart at the bare mention of that system by which they are ground in the dust, than the old stereotyped one about kind treatment. From the time man first imbruted and murdered God's image by claiming to hold his equal brother as an article of

merchandise to the present mid-day career of this "glorious republic" of men-stealers, this has been the constant cry of every tyrant and every robber of his species. "Treated well." "Better off than if they were free," "Would not take their freedom if they could get it," &c. &c., constitute the universal pro-slavery humbug, which has been palmed upon a too credulous community, in every age and nation where man has exercised unrighteous dominion over his fellow man, and philanthropy has attempted to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. The following graphic grouping together of histories in support of the position we have here assumed, is taken from Weld's "Slavery As It Is;"—a work by the way which should be in the hands of every human being, and which was never yet read by any one whose heart was not harder than adamant, or whose conscience was not literally seared as with a hot iron, without feeling a glow of indignation against that outrageous system which reduces man to the condition of a brute, or without rising up with a determination to labor for its destruction while "life and thought and being last," or until it shall cease to debase and murder the human race. N. H. W.

It is no marvel that slaveholders are always talking of their *kind treatment* of their slaves. The only marvel is, that men of sense can be gulled by such professions. Despots always insist that they are merciful. The greatest tyrants that ever dripped with blood have assumed the titles of "most gracious," "most clement," "most merciful," &c., and have ordered their crouching vassals to accost them thus. When did not vice lay claim to those virtues which are the opposites of its habitual crimes? The guilty, according to their own showing, are always innocent, and cowards brave, and drunkards sober, and harlots chaste, and pickpockets honest to a fault. Every body understands this. When a man's tongue grows thick, and he begins to hiccough and walk cross-legged, we expect him, as a matter of course, to protest that he is not drunk; so when a man is always singing the praises

of his own honesty, we instinctively watch his movements and look out for our pocket-books. Whoever is simple enough to be hoaxed by such professions, should never be trusted in the streets without somebody to take care of him. Human nature works out in slaveholders just as it does in other men, and in American slaveholders just as in English, French, Turkish, Algerine, Roman and Grecian. The Spartans boasted of their kindness to the slaves, while they whipped them to death by thousands at the altars of their gods. The Romans lauded their own mild treatment of their bondmen, while they branded their names on their flesh with hot irons, and when old, threw them into their fish ponds, or like Cato "the Just," starved them to death. It is the boast of the Turks that they treat their slaves as though they were their children, yet their common name for them is "dogs," and for the merest trifles, their feet are bastinadoed to a jelly, or their heads clipped off with the scimetar. The Portuguese pride themselves on their gentle bearing toward their slaves, yet the streets of Rio Janeiro are filled with naked men and women yoked in pairs to carts and wagons, and whipped by drivers like beasts of burden.

Slaveholders, the world over, have sung the praises of their tender mercies towards their slaves. Even the wretches that plied the African slave trade, tried to rebut Clarkson's proofs of their cruelties, by speeches, affidavits, and published pamphlets, setting forth the accommodations of the "middle passage," and their kind attentions to the comfort of those whom they had stolen from their homes, and kept stowed away under hatches, during a voyage of four thousand miles. So, according to the testimony of the autocrat of Russia, he exercises great clemency towards the Poles, though he exiles them by thousands to the snows of Siberia, and tramples them down by millions, at home. Who discredits the atrocities perpetrated by Ovando in Hispaniola, Pizarro in Peru, and Cortez in Mexico,—because they filled the ears of the Spanish Court with protestations of their benignant rule! While they were yok-

ing the enslaved natives like beasts to the draught, working them to death by thousands in their mines, hunting them with bloodhounds, torturing them on racks, and broiling them on beds of coals, their representations to the mother country teemed with eulogies of their parental sway! The bloody atrocities of Philip II. in the expulsion of his Moorish subjects, are matters of imperishable history. Who disbelieves or doubts them? And yet his courtiers magnified his virtues and chanted his clemency and his mercy, while the wail of a million of victims, smitten down by a tempest of fire and slaughter, let loose at his bidding, rose above the *Te Deums* that thundered from all Spain's cathedrals. When Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantz, and proclaimed two millions of his subjects free plunder for persecution,—when from the English channel to the Pyrennees the mangled bodies of the Protestants were dragged on reeking hurdles by a shouting populace, he claimed to be "the father of his people," and wrote himself "His most *Christian* Majesty."

For the Offering.

GRATITUDE.—By M. W. Chapman.

"We must show that we appreciate the privileges of Freedom by our labors and our sympathies for those who do not possess them. This is the way to pay to God our gratitude and our thanks."—*Speech of S. R. Alexander, on the first of August*, 1840, *at the Belknap-St. Church.*

Though fervid summer's heat is here,
As to our work we go;
Yet plenty crowns the smiling year,
And Liberty's bright glow.
Then evermore an offering pour,
To make the bondmen know
The happy cheer of Freedom's year,
E'er to the grave they go.

Resolve, as in His presence dread
Who made you strong and free,
To leave no burning word unsaid,
Till every land shall be
Pure from the stain of scourge and chai
And every slave shall see,
On every plain, the golden reign
Of peace and liberty!

To leave no earnest deed undone,
Nor time nor wealth unspent,
Untill the all-beholding sun,
From his blue firmament
Shall mark a light than his more bright,
Gild mountain, plain, and wave;
And sink in shame the hated name
Of master and of slave.

Fail not to read the interesting narrative of which is concluded in this number. Comment useless. The reader may be assured that even tl est of its details are facts.

To CORRESPONDENTS. We thank our friend for his article on the inherent sinfulness of slaver appear in our next.

We would say to "*Liberty*" that his article is long for "The Offering."

This number of "The Offering" has been d give subscribers an opportunity to send in their tions, so that we might be better prepared to know h an edition to issue. Hereafter it will be issued a middle of each month. Subscribers are earnestly ed to act as agents. ☞See conditions on th page of the cover. These will be rigidly adhered

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

We cannot give the readers of the Offering a more delightful half-hour's occupation, than by presenting them with the following story, for which we are indebted to that enterprizing band of the slave's friends, THE PAWTUCKET JUVENILE SOCIETY. Their little annual, "*The ENVOY from Free Hearts to the Free*," is a perfect gem. Its literary merit, though of so high an order, is its least recommendation. Its *Anti-Slavery thoroughness* is truly refreshing. If the friends wish to present the cause favorably to *their* friends who are unfriendly to it, they need look no farther than this delightful little volume. N. P. Rogers, Sophia L. Little, Elizabeth B. Chace, Sarah A. Chace, William Chace, Anne Warren Weston, F. H. Whipple and Mary S. Gove, are among the contributors. It seems to be given to the *faithful* to make a good book. John Neal, the author of this little story, is distinguished among the literati of America; may he be distinguished hereafter among the abolitionists of America.

[From the Envoy.]

The Instinct of Childhood.

BY JOHN NEAL.

A beautiful child stood near a large open window. The window was completely overshadowed with wild-grape and blossoming honey-suckle, and the drooping branches of a prodigious elm—the largest and handsomest you ever

saw. The child was leaning forward, with half open mouth and thoughtful eyes, and looking up into the firmament of green leaves, forever at play, that appeared to overhang the whole neighborhood; and her loose bright hair as it broke away in the cheerful morning wind, glittered like stray sunshines among the branches and blossoms.

Just underneath her feet and almost within reach of her little hand, swung a large and prettily contrived bird-cage—all open to the sky! The broad plentiful grape leaves lay upon it in heaps—the morning wind blew pleasantly through it, making the very music that birds and children love best—and the delicate branches of the drooping elm swept over it—and the glow of blossoming herbage round about, fell with a sort of shadowy lustre upon the basin of bright water, and the floor of glittering sand, within the cage.

"Well, *if ever!*" said the child; and then she stooped and pulled away the tilling branches and looked into the cage; and then her lips began to tremble, and her soft eyes almost filled with tears.

Within the cage was the mother bird, fluttering and whistling—not cheerfully, but mournfully—and beating herself to death against the delicate wires: and three little bits of birds watching her, open-mouthed, and trying to follow her from perch to perch, as she opened and shut her golden wings, like sudden flashes of sunshine, and darted hither and thither as if hunted by something invisible—a snake in the grass, or a bird of prey perhaps—or a cat foraging in the shrubbery.

"There, now!—there you go again! you little foolish thing, you! Why, what is the matter with you? I should be ashamed of myself! I should so! Hav'nt we bought the prettiest cage in the world for you? Hav'nt you enough to eat and the best that could be had for love or money—sponge cake—loaf sugar—and all sorts of seeds? Did'nt father put up a little nest for you with his own hands; and hav'nt I watched over you—you little ungrateful thing!—till the eggs they put there had all turned to birds—little

live birds, no bigger than grasshoppers, and so noisy, ah, you can't think! Just look at the beautiful clear water there—and the clean white sand—where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish—or such beautiful bright sand if we were to take you at your word and let you out with that little nest full of young ones to shift for yourselves, *hey?*"

The door opened, and a tall benevolent looking man stepped up to her side.

"Oh father, I'm so glad you've come! What do you think is the matter with poor little birdy?"

The father looked down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top-branches, and then into the cage—the countenance of the poor girl growing more and more perplexed and more sorrowful every moment.

"Well father—what is it?—does it see any thing?"

"No, my love—nothing to frighten her, but where is the father bird?"

"He's in the other cage. He made such a to-do when the little birds began to chipper this morning that I was obliged to let him out; and brother Bobby he frightened him into the other cage and carried him off."

"Was that right, my love?"

"Why not, father? He would'nt be quiet here, you know, and what was I to do?"

"But Moggy, dear—these little birds may want their father to help feed them; the poor mother bird may want him to help take care of them—or to sing to her."

"Or perhaps to shew them how to fly, father?"

"Yes, dear. And to separate them just now—how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nobody at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds?"

The child grew more thoughtful. She looked up into her father's face and appeared as if more than half disposed to ask a question—which might be a little out of place; but she forbore, and after musing a few moments, went back to the original subject—

"But, father, what *can* be the matter with the poor thing? —you see how she keeps flying about, and the little ones trying to follow her—and tumbling upon their noses—and toddling about as if they were tipsy, and could'nt see straight."

"I am afraid she is getting discontented."

"*Discontented!* how can that be, father? Has'nt she her little ones about her, and every thing on earth she can wish? And then, you know—she never used to be so before?"

"When her mate was with her perhaps?"

"Yes, father—and yet, now I think of it, the moment these little witches began to pee-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and the mother both began to fly about the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? the water, you see, is cool and clear; the sand all bright: they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them; their cage has been scoured with soap and sand, the fountain filled, and the seed-box—and —and—I declare, I cannot think what ails them!"

"My love—may it not be the very things you speak of, things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all the trouble you see? The father and mother are *separated!* How can they teach their young to fly in that cage? how teach them to provide for themselves?"

"But father—dear father—!" laying her little hand upon the spring of the cage door—"dear father! *would you*?"

"And why not, my dear child?" And the father's eyes filled with tears, and he stooped and kissed the bright face upturned to his, and glowing as if illuminated with inward sunshine. "*Why not?*"

"I was only thinking father. If I should let them out, who will feed them?"

"Who feeds the young ravens, dear? Who feeds the ten thousand little birds, that are flying about us now?"

"True, father; but they have never been inprisoned, you know, and have already learned to take care of themselves!"

The mother looked up and smiled. "Worthy of profound consideration, my dear—I admit your plea, but have a care, lest you may over-rate the danger, and the difficulty, in your unwillingness to part with your beautiful little birds."

"Father"—and the little hand pressed upon the spring, and the door flew open—wide open!

"Stay, my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully, conscientiously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, when it is all over. Shut the door a moment, and allow me to hear all your objections."

"I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters, and how the poor birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones."

"In our climate, my love, the winters are very short: and the rainy season itself does not drive the birds away; and then you know birds always follow the sun—if our climate is too cold for them, they have only to go farther south. But in a word, my love, you are to do as you would be done by. As you would not like to have me separated from your mother and you; as you would not like to be imprisoned for life, though your cage were crammed with loaf sugar and sponge cake—as you——"

"That'll do, father! that's enough! Brother Bobby! hither, Bobby! bring the little cage with you, there's a dear!"

Brother Bobby sung out in reply—and after a moment or two of anxious enquiry, appeared at the window with the little cage. The prison doors were opened, the father bird escaped, the mother bird followed, with a cry of joy, and then came back and tolled her little ones forth among the bright green leaves. The children clapped their hands in an ecstacy—and the father then fell upon their necks and kissed them; and the mother who sat by sobbed over them both for a whole hour, as if her very heart would break; and told all the neighbors the story with tears in her eyes.

* * * * * *

"The ungrateful hussey! What! after all that w have done for her; giving her the best room we coul spare—feeding her from our own table—clothing her fro our own wardrobe—giving her the handsomest and shrewc est fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us—allow ing them to live together till a child is born; and now, be cause we have thought proper to send him away for while, where he may earn his keep—now forsooth! w are to find my lady discontented with her situation."

"Dear father!"

"Hush, child!"

"Ay, discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfie with her condition! the jade!—with the best of ever thing to make her happy; confits and luxuries she coul never dream of obtaining were she free to-morrow—an always contented, never presuming to be discontented ti now."

"And what does she complain of, father?

"Why, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complain just because we have sent her husband away to the othe plantation for a few months: he was getting idle here, an might have grown discontented, too, if we had not packe him off. And then instead of being happier, and mor thankful—more thankful to her Heavenly Father, for th gift of a man child, Martha tells me that she just foun her crying over it, calling it a little *slave*, and wishing th Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench when the death of that child would be two hundred dollar out of my pocket, every cent of it!"

"After all we have done for her, too!" sighed the moth er.

"I declare I have no patience with the jade!" continu ed the father.

"Father—dear father!"

"Be quiet, Moggy, don't teaze me now."

"But father!" and as she spoke, the child ran up t her father and drew him to the window, and threw bacl

her sun-shiny tresses, and looked up into his eyes with the face of an angel, and pointed to the cage as it still hung at the window, with the door wide open!

The father understood her, and colored to the eyes; and then as if more than half ashamed of the weakness, bent over and kissed her forehead, smoothed down her silky hair, and told her she was a child, now, and must not talk about such matters till she had grown older.

"Why not, father?"

"Why not!—Why bless your little heart!—Suppose I were silly enough to open my doors and turn the poor thing adrift with her child at her breast—what would become of her? Who would take care of her?—who feed her?"

"Who feeds the young ravens, father? Who takes care of all the white mothers, and all the white babies we see?"

"Yes, child—but then—I know what you are thinking of; but then—there's a mighty difference let me tell you between a slave mother and a white mother—between a slave child and a white child."

"Yes, father."

"Don't interrupt me: you drive every thing out of my head. What was I going to say?—Oh—ah! that in our long winters and cold rains, these poor things who have been brought up in our houses, and who know nothing about the anxieties of life, and have never learned to take care of themselves—and—a—a—"

"Yes, father; but *could'nt they follow the sun too? or go farther south?*"

"And why not be happy here?"

"But father—dear father? *How can they teach their little ones to fly in a cage?*"

"Child, you are getting troublesome!"

"And how teach their young *to provide for themselves*, father?"

"Put the little imp to bed, directly—do you hear!"

"Good night, father! good night mother—Do AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY!"

Appeal of a Slave Mother to Mothers at the North.

MOTHERS! I appeal to you, because there is an undying fountain of love and sympathy kindled in your bosoms when, for the first time, you press the new born infant to your lips and list to its gentle breathings! I appeal to you because there is a cord in your hearts, which always vibrates at the mention of a mother's love, a mother's anxiety, and a mother's tenderness. And think you that in the bosom of that mother, who has a skin "not colored like your own," there throbs a heart less tender and susceptible to the holiest impulses of our nature? Ah no! we too have human sensibilities, and they are as deep and strong in the sable daughters of Africa, as in the pallid children under Northern skies.

With what untiring solicitude do you watch over your beloved offspring during the years of helpless infancy! Are they sick? with sleepless eyes you sit by their couch and you neither faint nor weary in your efforts to ease the sufferer's pains.

As you lay them down at night, and listen to their quiet slumbers, or smile at their innocent prattle and joyous laugh; as you dandle them on the knee, forget not us, I entreat of you, to whom children, and children's children only multiply sorrow and anguish of heart. *Our* babes are ever strangers to all those delicate attentions, which it is a mother's delight to bestow. Doomed as we are to unrequited toil from morning till night, their piteous cries must reach our ears unheeded.

No cradle lulls them while they sleep, but we must place them beneath the rays of the burning sun, while we labor; and if occasionally we stop a little longer than the wants of nature require, to caress our darlings, must writhe under the cruel lash of the driver's whip. When the daily task is over, and we seek rest and retirement in our poor and humble dwelling, we might enjoy some hours of happiness, did not the bitter, agonizing thought so often

come over us, These little ones *are not our own;* we must nurse and bring them up, only to be torn from our arms; to be carried, we know not whither, and to be treated we know not how. All the endearing ties, which link kindred and friends together in one happy family, are with us sundered before they have had time to strengthen by age and exercise.

Could you but once hear the heart-rending cries, see the falling tears, and wringing hands, of parents and chilsren brought to the block, to be sold at auction, into different and distant States, never to behold each other's faces again, your hearts, I know, would melt with pity, and no terms would appear too strong, to condemn a system, which sanctions such scenes.

With what interest do you watch the early developement of the mental faculties of your children! and how do your eyes sparkle with joy, and your hearts beat with gladness, as from time to time, they return from school, eager to rehearse to you some new acquisition they have made. Father comes home, and to him the twice told tale is again repeated. No sacrifice is too great, and no deprivation too hard to be endured, that you may afford your children the opportunity of receiving instruction. But these are privileges which we are forbidden to participate, by unjust and oppressive laws. Born in ignorance, in ignorance our children are compelled to grow up and die, unless by stealth, or accident, they learn the merest rudiments of knowledge. With what a holy indignation must a just and righteous God look down upon a people, that denies the reading of his blessed word to two and a half millions of accountable beings. Fancy not we are happy, because we know no better state. Can we not see that the sons and daughters of those whom we serve, are in possession of a good denied to us? At a period when your children are under the paternal roof, where you can form their habits and mould their characters, ours are either rent from us, and carried to a distance, or are subject to the tyranical control of young masters and misses, for whose sins and follies

they are often obliged to suffer. Perhaps we might learn submission to our lot, were not our descendants to all future generations, so far as we can see, doomed to the same state of degradation. Mothers! what is the pearl of greatest price in your daughter's characters? What is it you teach them, from the earliest infancy to value more than gold and silver, and which fills you with such unutterable anguish to see them deprived of, by artifice or constraint! Would you not rather see them cold and silent in their graves than to have the sanctity of their virtue invaded by the unfeeling libertine? Think then of the daughters of the slave mother. They are compelled to submit without a murmur, to the most unbridled passions of their masters, and we must sit by, with our lips sealed against all interference! Oh, the woes, and miseries of slavery! You must come and be one with us to know what they are! Can you not, will you not put forth every energy to relieve us from a bondage worse than death? If nothing can be done for *us*, may we not indulge the hope, that our children will, some day, enjoy the blessings of freedom? I close wtth exhorting you to "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them."—*Envoy.*

Can Slaves feel?

"Some years since, when travelling from Halifax, in North Carolina, to Warrenton, in the same state, we passed a large drove of slaves on their way to Georgia. Before leaving Halifax, I heard that the drivers had purchased a number of slaves in that vicinity, and started with them that morning, and that we should probably overtake them in an hour or two. Before coming up with the gang, we saw at a distance a colored female, whose appearance and actions attracted my notice. I said to the driver, (who was a slave,) "What is the matter of that woman, is she crazy!" "No, massa," said he, "I know her, it is—— Her master sold her two children this morning to the soul-dri-

vers, and she has been following along after them, and I suppose they have driven her back. Don't you think it would make you act like you was crazy, if they should take your children away, and you never see 'em any more?" By this time we had come up with the woman. She seemed quite young. As soon as she recognized the driver, she cried out, "They've gone! they've gone! The soul-drivers have got them. Master would sell them. I told him I could'nt live without my children. I tried to make him sell me too; but he beat me and drove me off, and I got away and followed after them, and the drivers whipped me back:—and I never shall see my children again. Oh! what shall I do!" The poor creature shrieked and tossed her arms about with maniac wildness—and beat her bosom, and literally *cast dust into the air*, as she moved towards the village. At the last glimpse I had of her, she was nearly a quarter of a mile from us, still throwing handfuls of sand around her with the same frenzied air."

THEO. D. WELD.

State Anti-Slavery Conventions.

We would call the attention of our readers to the calls on the 3d and 4th pages of the cover, for the State Conventions to be held at Worcester and Springfield in the early part of October. Every town in the Commonwealth should be largely represented. Let the world see that there is still a zeal for the suffering slave, and an enthusiasm not to be crushed by party strife or sectarian jealousy.

The meeting at Worcester will be, probably, the largest and most spirited anti-slavery meeting ever held in this Commonwealth. Come and get your hearts warmed up. We need a revival. Shall we not have it? It will be a fine opportunity for those who have not been familiar with the abolition movements to gain a knowledge of past proceedings. More information can be obtained in one day than by a week's reading.

Messrs. Garrison and Rogers will inform us what views of the English people with respect to An Slavery, and of their efforts to bring it to an end.

Worcester Anti-Slavery Fair.

The women of Worcester are to hold a Fair dur sittings of the Convention in that place to aid in s the bondman's treasury. They are but few in numb need and expect aid from the friends in different the State. Will not the men and women of this monwealth send in their offerings forthwith to Mrs. MILTON EARL, Worcester, Mass.

Let the women in different towns, who intend to tables, inform Mrs. Earl to that effect as soon as p And let those who attend the Convention go ed to purchase freely such articles as may be use

Pray for the Slave.

Abolitionists, do you *pray* for the slave? I do whether you labor for him, or give for him, or sp write for him, or vote or petition for him. But do y for the slave? If this part of the work is not done *fully*, rely upon it, nothing else will be *well* done. this be done *as it should be*, no other duty to the sla be neglected I don't ask whether you mention him petitions at the monthly concert, or in the conferenc or at the family altar, or in the closet, or at set tim places, or in set postures, or set phrases, or in co expressions or ejaculations—but do you PRAY for the Do you put your soul in his soul's stead, and with God for his deliverance? Do you pray as mu plead as fervently, and wrestle as agonizingly,

would if you firmly believed that it is God that must redeem him, if he is ever redeemed, and that HE SURELY WILL DO IT?

Prayer is indispensable. It will strengthen our hearts and our hands while we toil. It will soften and sweeten our spirits, and prepare us to speak the truth *in love*. It will fill us with that holy courage so needful amid the popular violence and haughty menaces that beset us. It will keep our motives pure, and our eye single. It will buoy us above the pollutions of worldly expediency, and poise us immoveably in the pure upper air of *principle*. It will draw down into our councils wisdom from above, and arm our measures with the energy of faith.

Though prayer is not a substitute for other instrumentalities, yet it is above all, as God is above man, and operates with and through all. Therefore, as we would have God co-operate with us in the deliverance of the enslaved, let us EXALT PRAYER.—*A. S. Almanac for* 1841.

Pray for the Slaveholder.

O! forget *him* not ye who plead for his slaves. He *needs* your prayers. God is arrayed against him. "If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow and made it ready." O pray for him ere the bent bow twangs above him, and the "arrows of the Almighty" drink up his spirit. He needs *your* prayers. Never was mortal more destitute of prayer. Remember that no effectual prayer can go up for the slaveholder except from those who pray for the deliverance of the slave. As ye love his soul, as ye hate his sins, as ye deprecate his doom, pray for the guilty slaveholder.—*Ib.*

Who shall pray for the Slave?

We have agents to *speak* for the slave, but who shall *pray* for him? We have editors and others to write for

the slave—but who shall *pray* for him? We l
ties, and multiplying hosts to labor for the slave
shall *pray* for him? We have ministers— a *fe*
thank God, who dare to preach for the slave·
shall *pray* for him? We have statesmen, her
one, who plead for the slave—but who shall *pr*
We have multitudes who petition for him, and
repulsed, still petition—but who shall *pray* for
Shall it be true, that what is left for all to do, w
by none? God forbid! Who, then, shall pr
slave? *All*—all the children of prayer. Lect
pray for him, if they would speak well for hi
must pray for him, if they would write well for
isters must pray for him, if they would preac
him: statsemen must pray for him, if they w
well for him: petitioners must pray for him, if
have *their* prayers received and answered.

For the Offering.

The Agony and the Triumph.

Borne on the southern breezes,
From highland peak and vale,
From tear wet plain and cottage,
From the opening in the dale,
From groves of southern pine trees,
From the river's sloping verge—
The heavy tones of sorrow
Come like the Ocean surge.

For there are heaving bosoms,—
The starless heart is there,—
The fitful flash of madness,—
The blackness of despair:
For there the dark, dark waters
Of slavery, as they roll,
Break o'er the outward barriers
And dash upon the soul!

Upon our ears imploring
These notes of sorrow fall,
Like the billows ever moaning,
Unceasing in their call;
They haunt us in our slumbers—
They chase us through the light;
By day with stern reality—
Like fabled ghosts at night.

Wo if we gird not on us
The armor of the skies;
Wo if our souls shed slowly
The blood of sacrifice;
Wo if we drive not quickly
Foul slavery from our land,
And rear the shrine of Freedom
Where his goary altars stand.

In vain the labor? never—
Nor is the gift in vain;
Each blow we strike for righteousness
Shall fall upon the chain;
Each prayer—each sigh we utter,
Each word of burning power,
Each tear of gushing sympathy
Shall speed the glorious hour.

Mighty is Truth forever—
The throne of God is sure,—
The Right shall be victorious
While earth or stars endure,
While God hath yet a sceptre,
While man is less than him,
While spirit hath a being,
Or existance hath a name.

Sadly the slave is toiling
Beneath his ponderous chain,
Like a creeping brook at August,
But the fall shall bring its rain,

And his joy and gladness leap forth
And dance along the vale,
His bondage shall be broken
And his spirit on the gale!

Hark! o'er the plains ascending,
Like the sound before the rain,—
Like the noise of many waters,—
Like the wind upon the main,
The shouts of deep rejoicings
That tremble on the sky,
The music of two million tongues
In a dance of ecstacy!

"Dark slavery now is over,
"It shall trouble us no more,
"Its cruel scourge and bondage
"And its agony are o'er;
"And great is our redemption,"
These million voices sing,
"Praise to the high Deliverer—
"To Freedom's Prince and King."

Long live this blissful chorus
O'er the light of happier years,
Oh swiftly speed the moment
When its tones shall greet our ears!
Like the slave, in all his rapture,
Will we, who toil for him,
Shout for his great deliverance
Till the morning stars are dim.

J. P. B.

Boston, Sept. 14, 1840.

We would suggest to the contributors to "THE WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION," always to have the amount of their monthly contribution deposited in the BOX, so that the collectors need not be under the necessity of calling twice. This *must be*, to them, very discouraging.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1840.

For the Monthly Offering.

What do you Abolitionists Want?

Methinks I hear one of our modern *Conservatives*, who is holding in his breath for fear of excitement, and looking with cold indifference on the struggle which is going on in this country between freedom and slavery,—methinks I hear him whispering in my ear, "What do you abolitionists want, that you are so furiously agitating the community, thereby destroying the peace of society, dividing churches, unsettling pastors, and turning the world upside down? What would you have us do?"

What do we want? I will tell you. We want you to aid us in raising to the condition of men, millions of your equal brethren, who are now regarded as marketable commodities. We want you to aid in the erection of a platform of rights and privileges, on which the whole human family can stand free and unmolested. We want to leave the human mind in the free exercise of all those powers and faculties which God has given it, to increase its enjoyment and usefulness in this world, and prepare it for never-ending felicity in that which is to come. The slave lies bleeding at your feet—crushed to the earth by this "freest nation under heaven." We ask you to work for his liberation. We want you to aid in abolishing that system of worse than *Hindoo caste*, which prevails so extensively in our midst, and compels one portion of our citizens to toil on through an unending series of degradation and wretchedness, with scarcely a prospect of escape from that stern

despotism which grinds him to the dust. What do
want? do you ask, Mr. Conservative? We want wl
Diogenes wanted of Alexander. We want you to get
of our sunshine. We want you no longer to keep
brother yonder in the midnight darkness in which he a
his ancestors have been enveloped for centuries, throu
the avarice and cruelty of the white man. We want y
no longer to throw your sympathies and your influence
to the scale of slavery, and strive by all the means in yc
power to arrest the progress of the car of emancipation as
rolls onward to its heavenly goal. We want you to clot
yourself in the panoply of truth, and engage with untiri
zeal, and unshrinking fortitude, in the cause of oppress
humanity, and let neither *friendship* nor *love*, nor selfi
fear, nor calculating *expediency* drive you from the conte
until no slave shall be found on the broad footstool of t
Almighty.

We ask you to array yourselves on the side of univer
liberty, and thus aid in saving this nation from that vort
of ruin into which, in consequence of her multiplied c
pressions, she is madly plunging. Our land is filled wi
professions of *freedom*, *republicanism*, *democracy*, and *eq*
rights. They are heard on every breeze, are in the mou
of all the robbers of God's poor, from Maine to Georgi
But it is a democracy of *money*. It is a republicanis
which wastes all its energies and exhausts all its symp
thies on a question of dollars and cents. The inherer
vital principles of humanity, enter but little into the comp
sition of the republicanism of the present day. Webste
and Clay, and Calhoun, and most of the other great state
men can spend all the energies of their mighty minds
portray the evils or the benefits of a Sub-Treasury or
National Bank. But on the question whether two and a
half millions of immortal beings shall be reduced to th
level of brutes, by a system which may surely be regarde
as the fruitful parent of all abominations, they are eithe
found the open and unblushing advocates of this systen
or of a most sickly and temporising *expediency*, whic

would wink out of sight, great and paramount principles of truth and justice, to advance the interests of a party. To all this the church responds *amen*; and the *people* "love to have it so."

In view of this alarming fact, this dreadful state of things, we call upon *you* who are so anxious to "keep in the quiet" —who have such a holy horror of all excitement, to join hands with us in our warfare against oppression—to stay this sweeping tide of corruption as it rolls over the land—to liberate the slave from his chains, and save our nation from the destruction which hovers over her. This is "what we want" of *you*. We demand it in the name of the outraged millions now groaning in the great Southern prison house. Shall we have it? Will you not speak and act in their behalf as God shall give you strength?

"Ay, speak—*while there is time*,
For *all* a freeman's claim,—
Ere thought becomes a crime,
And Freedom but a name!
While yet the Tongue and Pen
And Press are unforbid,
And we dare to feel and act as men—
Speak—as our fathers did!"

N. H. W.

For the Offering.

JAMES MAJOR MONROE—A Fugitive Slave.

BY HIRAM WILSON.

I am sure the readers of "the Offering" will peruse with intense interest, the following narration of facts connected with the flight of a fugitive, four years ago, from western Virginia to this "land of promise." I had the pleasure of conducting him from northern Ohio to the head of Lake Erie, and of introducing him through *freedom's great western gate* to the blessings and privileges of British liberty. He was then about thirty years of age,

of a robust, athletic frame, quite intelligent, and possesse
of uncommon vigor of mind and decision of characte
All who saw him, saw a "knock down argument" th
slavery was wrong. His name is JAMES MAJOR MONRO
He was held in bondage in Guyandotte, Va., by a Frenc
Roman Catholic whose name was LaTule.

When I first saw James at Oberlin, he was remarkabl
timid; so much so, that even in the midst of hundreds
true hearted friends, he dared not show himself in th
light of day, and very few persons knew that he was i
the place. He made a most forlorn appearance,—he w
flying from intolerable oppression at the peril of his lif
and the expense of the most bitter separations that ever o
cur during an earthly pilgrimage. He had broken awa
from the wife of his youth, whom he left upon the soutl
ern bank of the beautiful Ohio, gazing after him till he h
passed the stream, and he could only discover her obscu
form like a melancholy statue in the place where he le
her; while he disappeared from her view, and was soo
lost to her vision in the dim distance, to become a night
wanderer among human and canine enemies. She pr
fered the separation to a more direful one, then in conten
plation, of sending him to the lower market. Day aft
day, he concealed himself in thickets, and night after nig
pursued his toilsome journey. One evening, in Augus
1836, he came out of his concealment near Chilicoth
Ohio, as the sable curtains of night were shutting dow
around him. Unfortunately, he met four men with gun
who had been out upon a hunting excursion. By the
he was instantly captured, disarmed, and taken back to
tavern. They pinioned his elbows with strong cord
intending to watch him through the night, and for th
sake of the reward that was offered, return him as soon
practicable to his master. They drank freely, and conver
ed in the presence of their trembling victim about the pr
spective reward of their iniquity. Still they were n
without compunctions of conscience. One remarked, th
it was a hard case, and that he would let him go if the r

would. Another said he had been sick, and with his share he could pay his doctor's bill. Another knew it was hard for the "d——d nigger," but they might as well have the reward as somebody else.

Thus they reasoned, while their poor victim lay awake upon his couch, with his eyes shut. The cord was nearly imbedded in the flesh of his arms, which became badly swollen and painful; but having been broken of his rest and weakened by much fasting and exhaustion, he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke about midnight, and to his great surprise, discovered his captors all sleeping aud snoring about him. He now began to cherish, for the first time, the hope of escape. By a desperate struggle, he soon loosed his arms. The door being fast, his only chance of flight was through the window. He stepped softly across the floor and recovered his pistol from the pocket of one of his enemies, extinguished the light upon the stand, and attempted to raise the window. In this attempt he made some noise, that startled the man from whom the pistol had been taken; who sprung to his feet and was advancing towards the window, when our prisoner turned and snapped the pistol at him. It struck fire, but happily failed of discharging. In an instant the alarm was given; they all sprung to their feet and were about to pounce upon their falsely imprisoned victim, who, despairing at this awful crisis of every other means of escape, plunged headlong through the window, breaking his way through glass, sash and all. They caught him by one of his legs, and with a dirk or knife inflicted a deep flesh wound in his thigh. By a desperate struggle, he loosed himself from their bloody grasp, and run through the heavy rain and nocturnal gloom, mangled and bleeding as he went. He stopped a moment, however, having thick darkness for his protecting shield; heard the alarm, and saw lights wavering about the house as they were commencing the search. For a moment he turned his thoughts to heaven and gave thanks to God, his deliverer, who had so signally wrought for him in this hour of peril. He made the best he could

of the remainder of the night, pursuing his lonely course towards Chilicothe. The heavy rain was much in his favor, defacing his tracks, and washing away the blood that dripped from his flowing wounds. By day dawn he became extremely stiff and sore, and by reason of faintness from hunger, loss of blood, and over action, he found it exceedingly difficult to proceed any further, and yet he trembled at the thought of stopping, lest he should fall into the hands of enemies, and be doomed to that state which was more intolerable than death itself. At length he came to a house, turned tremblingly through the gate, and discovered a man at the door in plain attire, with a broad brimmed hat. The first sight of the broad brim, and the beckoning hand, attended with the sweet soothing voice of humanity, at once inspired hope and revived his drooping spirits. The Quaker took him in, bound up his wounds, and good Samaritan-like, poured into his bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. He there received the kindest treatment for the space of two weeks, when his health was recovered and his limbs were sufficiently sound to admit of his proceeding on his way. His generous host having interested others in his case, supplied him with provisions and money, conducted him to the Ohio canal, put him on the tow path, and gave him directions to Cleaveland. About this time he fell in with another man of the sable hue, whose face was set Canada-ward in search of personal liberty. They travelled together to Newark, where his companion stopped to buy a drink of whiskey, which he feared would endanger them both. So he left his whiskey drinking companion behind, and proceeded alone, thinking sobriety the surer passport to freedom.

After travelling many days upon the tow-path, he became sore and lame, and concluded to seek an easier mode of conveyance. So after spending near Massillon a night with a colored man, who generously entertained him, he made known his intention to take passage in a line boat for Cleaveland. Accordingly he availed himself of the first boat, and came without interruption to Akran. While

passing down through the locks there, he looked out of the cabin window and discovered two men on the bank in search of him. They immediately inquired if there was a colored man in the boat. The poor fugitive was now in trouble; his countenance fell; he knew not what to do. One of the pursuers he recognized as the colored man with whom he had stopped over night. He thought within himself,—Can it be possible he is acting the traitor? "*Leap off the boat*," said one of the passengers, on learning that he was a fugitive slave. "*Jump into the canal*," said others, "if you can do no better, and make your escape from the other side into the woods." "No, no;" said one in whom wisdom and humanity were blended, "just be quiet, and I'll go ashore and see what those men want." So he leaped upon the tow-path, and inquired what they wanted of the colored man in the boat. For a moment all was anxiety and solemn suspense. Then said he to the white man pursuing, Are you in favor of liberty? Are you a friend to the slave? "*Yes I am*," said he. "*Well so am I*," responded the inquirer. At this announcement the scene was changed, and in a moment, instead of the painful anxiety which had pervaded the company, joy beamed from many a countenance.

It appeared that the pursuers were following the poor captive out of regard for his safety, hoping to direct him through a more obscure route; whereupon he was conveyed to Medina, thence to Oberlin, and thence to Cleaveland, where I had the pleasure of embarking with him for the Canada shore. He found a few generous hearted friends in each of the above places, but at this time, which was near the meridian of Harriet Martineau's "Martyr age in America," the most daring abolitionists were obliged to hold in their breath, except in secret places, while consulting the best interests of the panting captive.

On our passage up the lake, we were weather-bound two days at the mouth of Black river. Becoming tired of the boat, I conducted my sable companion to the house of Mr. R. whom I knew to be a trusty friend. I introduced

him, and made known his delicate condition. We were most cordially received and kindly entertained. On the morning before we left, as we were about rising from the breakfast table, James having already withdrawn and seated himself by the fire, we heard a loud knock at the door, and in came a large, stern looking man, opened his pocket-book, took out a piece of paper, and presented it to our host. "*There*," said he, "*take that, and pursue such a course with it as you think proper.*" The trembling fugitive narrowly watched the stranger, and at the same time cast about for some weapon of defence. His eye fastened upon a hammer on the mantlepiece, and as he was about springing to grasp it, the fact came out that the man was no slave hunter, but some neighbor on business with the magistrate. His fears presently subsided, so that he became more quiet. We sung in his presence the beautiful hymn commencing thus,

> "Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
> Wandering though this lonely vale," &c.

We had not proceeded far, when his countenance was moistened with tears, which rolled down like rain-drops upon his manly cheeks.

Toronto, Sept. 20th, 1840.

[*To be Continued.*]

A Tale of Endeavor.

Mrs. James was a physician's wife in the western part of Massachusetts. She received, one day, an odd number of the Liberator, through the medium of the Post Office, from one who had seen her name in the list of donors at the end of the Missionary Herald. The same spirit that had made her solicitous for the welfare of the distant Asiatics, caused her to read with interest the pages that recommended to her attention the more distressing condition of

the American slave. She was a Christian; and the extinction of slavery ever seems to the Christian heart a holy and ennobling object, demanding immediate exertions for its attainment. She could not account for the hot excitement which the discussion of the subject seemed to have produced on the sea-board. She was extremely ignorant of plantation details and of all the statistics of the matter; —in fact, she had never before given it a moment's thought; and was indebted to the following paragraph, which caught her eye, for the whole amount of her actual knowledge respecting it.

"Two and an half millions of slaves in a Christian country! The degraded bondmen of the freest nation on earth! mere human chattels! Every sixth man, woman, and child owned like pieces of merchandise, as little respected, and as transferable!"

It was little, but it was enough. "Slavery as it is," had not then been published, but out of this short paragraph her active mind drew inferences, which rendered such a book, to her, unnecessary. "Two millions and an half!" The paper dropped from her hand—her eye fell upon her infant child, and the reflection that every one of those children of misery must be as sensitive and as beloved as her own, sunk deep into her heart. Had any one told her then, that slaves do not feel as freemen do, she would have denied it; and she would have been right; for slavery does not extinguish the instincts of humanity, nor destroy the ability to suffer. This her own human instinct told her, and to this mental philosophy and physiology are obliged, when brought up to the witness-bar, to testify.

"What shall I do for the *extinction of such a system*?" she said; (for the first determination of a sound and unprejudiced judgment in contemplating the removal of any evil, is, *to strike at the root.*) "Suppose," she exclaimed, as a friend entered the room, "we go this afternoon and talk with some of our neighbors, and try to prevail on two or three of them to take this newspaper, from which we

shall be able to learn what instrumentalities are alrea
motion. I don't doubt we shall find that there is a
ty in operation, and it will be best, if there is, for us
it. We might associate ourselves together for that
pose, in this place; for we know by the effect of a
other associations, that many hands make light
Ten persons together can effect *more* than ten time
amount that *one* person can. We can help to prin
circulate publications and sustain agents, as we do i
er benevolent operations. Indeed, it seems as if a
light only, were wanting, to stir up the whole nation
it. This one paper has awakened me, never to sleep
on this subject, I trust."

The friend fell in with her views, and arm in arm,
took their way to pursue what they had ever foun
efficient course to promote the various objects of be
lence they had at heart, viz: to take measures for
ing the co-operation of others. Their first call was
the family of their pastor. He was himself within
readily entered into conversation with them. He f
he said, that they were hardly aware of the delicacy
subject, or the difficulties that surrounded it. Situa
the ministry and the church were at the South, he h
doubt that the agitation of it, must be necessarily f
ed by division, and every ill that ought to be most
cated. He knew, perhaps, more than some others, re
ing the character of those by whom the movement
been commenced. They were harsh and denunci
and abusive of good men. He could not but hope
Mrs. James would refrain from identifying herself
them, though he was as anxious as any one could
the abolition of slavery. He should advise, however,
ing till such a time as the subject could be intro
without giving offence. This could not be done whi
instrumentalities he alluded to were in existence, as
caused all efforts to be suspected. Indeed, it was no
der that the South, and the North, too, should close
ears against men who strove to deprive of influence,

of the best Christians in the land, who were unfortunately involved in slaveholding.

"Best Christians! Slaveholding! unfortunately!" exclaimed Mrs. James, with a hasty touch of indignation and sympathy with the suffering and the wronged; "why surely it ought to be made an object to deprive of his influence, forthwith, the man who in the nineteenth century, in Christian and republican America, uses it to gild the system of slavery. Every jot of character and influence he has, prolongs the existence of slavery."

Her pastor could not forgive her for having a truer moral sense than himself, and never after heard the subject adverted to without shame, and pain, and opposition.

Her next call was upon the deacon of another church, who was one of her neighbors. He was no advocate for slavery, he said, but he always had observed something in ladies which unfitted them for the consideration of such subjects as this. They were apt to be carried away with one idea, and to introduce it, as it were, *butt end foremost*. These subjects ought to be managed on the principle of the *wedge*. "Just as he chose," Mrs. James replied; "she would leave it entirely to him *how* they should begin." He thought *when* they should begin, was the more difficult question, as the time was now so occupied. Almost every evening in the week was devoted to some benevolent operation. They must not leave these things undone. "No, nor the other, either," was the reply. "True," responded the deacon, "but we have a very interesting revival of religion in our society, and we ought to be exceedingly careful how we grieve away the Spirit, by introducing any matters which would give rise to difference of opinion.

> "The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
> Flies from the scenes of noise and strife."

you know the hymn, my dear madam."

Again Mrs. James lost the power to suppress her thoughts. "Religion, indeed! What sort of a revival of it,

must that be, which a consideration of human suffering, and the means of relieving it, will hinder! 'The Spirit!' not the Spirit of the Lord, for that is anti-slavery, and can only stay where there is liberty. I do not construe the Bible as you do, my friend, I find."

Here was another opposer of the anti-slavery cause brought out.

Her next call was as unsuccessful, because the neighbor to whom she applied, did not wish to join in benevolent efforts with any but his own denomination. He liked, with Yankee foresight and discretion, to build up benevolent societies and the presbyteries with the same trowel, or as he inwardly said, "to kill two birds with one stone." This low state of mind was not able to perceive the beauty of the parable of the good Samaritan, with an allusion to which, his visitor favored him, or to exercise that Christian foresight which would have shown him, that if there was any need of societies, it must be because the presbyteries had not done their duty, and consequently, that both could not be temporally built up together.

A fourth effort was repulsed by the confession of the friend with whom it was made, that she did not think affairs so connected with the *politics* of the country, the proper sphere of women. Mrs. James wondered in silence, as her friend had, only the week before, presided at a Whig *pic nic*.

The next call failed of success, because the lady had a married cousin in Virginia, whose feelings would be hurt, if, on her return in the summer, she found her engaged in an affair of this kind. The North had no right to interfere—it was a state concern.

Another attempt in the lawyer's family, was also fruitless. After half an hour's conversation with the lady of the house, which apparently produced conviction, the gentleman overset the whole by coolly looking up from his conveyancing, and recommending them to form a Sewing Circle, and *buy a slave* with the avails; as then their consciences must be relieved by the fact that they had done all they could.

To make a long story short, the only effect of an afternoon's intense exertion, in walking and talking, was to raise up a set of *opposers* to the anti-slavery cause. Mrs. James returned to her home *sad*, but not disheartened, for the effect upon her mind was a deeper and still deeper conviction of the goodness of the cause; *her* cause, as she now felt it must be for the rest of her life. The very coldness, and discouragement, and contempt that had been poured upon it, made her feel the necessity of vigorous exertion on her own part.

The slaves had a friend in herself—the principles of freedom were inextinguishably kindled in her own mind, and she did not leave undone what one could do for their promulgation, because no others could be found to sustain them.

"It is like the first preaching of the gospel;" thought she—"this application of it to a hitherto unrebuked sin—a sin which I find is growing up rank in the bosoms, that by their distance from its grand centre, might be supposed to have escaped its influence." And she prepared herself for the work with all the means she could command. She subscribed for and lent the Liberator—purchased and distributed tracts—circulated petitions—solicited donations—in conversation was "instant in season and out of season."

To the observance of this last precept, she attributed much of the ultimate measure of success which crowned her efforts. She ceased to be called "the agreeable, delightful Mrs. James," but she prevailed, out of all that populous town, on a half-dozen obscure individuals to consider the cause of him who had none to help him, and they associated themselves with her to promote it. She has not what she enjoyed three years since, the enviable distinction of being "at the head of good society" in her neighborhood,—but the Senators and Representatives of ——— county voted against slavery last year in their respective places, and the ministers there, who refuse to speak for the cause, begin to be accounted recreant to that Savior who came to proclaim liberty to the captive. A hot encounter is going on among

a whole roused people, which must end, as all battles freedom ever do, in being *won*. Persecution, misre sentation, opposition of the most malignant and unant pated character, she has met; but she ever joyfully testi that the principles by which she has striven to win freed for others, at what the world calls a sacrifice, have beer her a better inheritance of happiness than any thing t the world can give or take away.

Plead the Promises.

Not to pray for the slave, is almost as great a sin slavery itself. It is practical unbelief of the promises, makes God a liar. Think of the promises of God for deliverance of the enslaved! The Bible is full of th Here is a single specimen out of hundreds; "The L executeth righteousness and judgment for *all* that are pressed." (Ps. ciii. 6.) How positive—how emphati how universal—how unconditional! And yet there is condition, though not expressed. "Thus saith the L God: I will yet for this be inquired of by the hous Israel, to do it for them." Then *plead the promises*. *A. Almanac.*

The Offering.

We have the pleasure of finding that the Offering gi great satisfaction to the friends of the cause, and enal them to do much good, by increasing the numbers of subscribers to their contribution cards. We have ass ances from the most able writers among the faithful a slavery friends, that they will contribute to its pages w pleasure, from a conviction that it will supply a vacancy the publications, occasioned by the discontinuance of Anti-Slavery Record and Slave's Friend. Excellent cc munications, already received, will appear in due seaso

To Juvenile Societies

The little ones who have put their hands to the work of freeing the slave, will find the "Offering" a suitable publication to read in their little circles, when they meet to work for the cause.

Lines.

Could'st thou forget thine infant son,
Or thy gray father, made a slave!
Forget not, till their rights are won,
The sires and babes, thy love might save.

☞The Liberty Bell.☜

This beautiful Annual will be issued as a Christmas and New Year's gift, the last week in the year.

Anecdote.

A preacher, worthy of the name of minister of the Gospel, was warned by a more worldly-minded brother with whom he was arranging an exchange, against touching on certain *exciting topics*, in his pulpit. The total-abstinence question had almost upset the parish—anti-slavery had well nigh divided the church, owing to the obstinacy of one who had persisted in introducing those subjects without his consent, and he wished his brother would not allude to them. He thought it wise, also, to give a caution against dwelling too strongly upon the doctrine of future retribution; as he had a prospect of gaining over some Universalists to his church. if that subject was not made too prominent at first. "Then, sir," replied his friend, "I think it would be better for me to decline the exchange at once; for, in the present state of our churches in Massachusetts, it seems hardly worth while to preach at all, if one must not touch on "temperance, righteousness, or judgment to come."

Notice to the Various Towns Concerned.

☞The MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR wi held on CHRISTMAS WEEK. ☞All perishable ar should be forwarded *before the* 1*st of November.*☜

The Slave's Reply.

By Maria W. Chapman.

"What can I do for the cause?" said the farmer. "*I* should a at a loss," replied the fugitive he had sheltered the preceeding night, ' all these fields of yours *mine.*"—*From a Manuscript Sketch.*

When the creaking harvest-wain
Homeward bears the golden grain—
When the glowing orchard-trees
Bend beneath the autumn breeze—
When the dairy's rich produce,
Safely stored for winter use,
Fills your heart with grateful pride,
Think of me, and set aside
Somewhat then, as freedom's due,
"As the Lord hath prospered you."
Blessed be you evermore,
In your basket and your store,
You in whose free homes the joy
Of a freeman finds alloy,
When the tale of wrong is told
Of our rights betrayed for gold.
Blessed be ye whom the cry
Of expiring infancy,
Or the mute, reproachful glance
Of grief too deep for utterance,
Moves your harvest-fruits to bring,—
To my cause fit offering.
Brother! *now* my right maintain!
Bear not thou the heart of Cain:
Then the Lord shall have respect
To the shrines thou dost erect,
And upon thy faithful head
Blessings from on high be shed.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

For the Monthly Offering.

Sin of Slavery.

By Charles Simmons.

In illustrating the sin of slavery, I remark,—*It is a daring and impious invasion of the rights of God.* We can conceive no more complete and important right than God has to give supreme law to all his rational creatures, or to say to each one, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." True religion and morality, and consequently the order and happiness of the world, depend upon a proper and sacred regard to this divine right. By assuming this divine prerogative, and exercising it over some of the intelligent creation, as slaveholders do, they open the floodgates of moral disorder upon the world. Slavery sets aside the divine precepts, and substitutes laws of its own. Can any thing be more impious, more heaven-daring, or God-defying? It is nothing less than a bold effort to dethrone the MAJESTY OF HEAVEN, the rightful owner and proprietor of the universe.

Slavery is a plain violation of the law of God. It might easily be shown, that it is a violation of every precept in the decalogue.* In his first command, God requires a supreme regard to his own glory and interests, to his rights and prerogatives, which is the substance of our duties towards Him. And in his second, He requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and to regard the rights and in-

*Vide New England Telegraph and Eclectic Review, 1835, page 81.

terests of each one of our fellow creatures, as if they were our own. This involves the duties of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. It embraces the self-evident duties of universal, disinterested benevolence, compassion, condescension, kindness, forbearance, charity, and whatever is pure, lovely, and of good report. But slavery, both in principle and practice, is a plain violation of both these cardinal and comprehensive divine precepts, upon which hang all the law and the prophets. No system which ever assumed the form of law, was ever a more palpable violation of the law of God.

Slavery is exceedingly offensive to the feelings of God. The injustice of slavery is offensive to his love of righteousness. The selfishness of slavery is offensive to his infinite benevolence. The cruelty of slavery is offensive to his tender compassion. The lewdness of slavery is offensive to His infinite purity. The sophistry of slavery is offensive to His love of truth. And the degrading tendency of slavery is abhorrent to His love of knowledge, holiness and happiness. Both in principle and practice, in its nature and tendencies, it is abomination to the Lord. His soul abhors it, and it grieves him at his very heart to see such havoc made with the beauty and glory of a part of his intelligent creation.

Slavery is dishonorable to God. By assuming his prerogative to give supreme law to creatures, slaveholders dishonor His supremacy. By wresting it in favor of slavery, they dishonor His word. They mar the works of God, by transforming His rational offspring into chattels. They reproach their Maker, by representing him as the author or approver of the system of slavery. In its nature, tendencies and appendages, slavery is highly dishonorable to God. If any thing is *malum in se*, slavery is a flagrant, impious and palpable sin against the rights, the law, the feelings and the honor of God.

Slavery is also a bold and reckless invasion of human rights. It takes away the right of its victims to their own persons; to enjoy civil and religious liberty; their right

to give a supreme attention to the Bible, and to qualify themselves to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" to worship God according to the dictates of conscience; to form and enjoy domestic relations and happiness; to control and train up their offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, for the kingdom of heaven; to possess and enjoy the fruit of their own industry; to prove all things and hold fast that which is good; to rebuke and reprove others for their transgressions, not suffering sin upon a brother; to preserve their own health and lives; and in short, it takes away their right to make strenuous and successful efforts to rise to a state of knowledge, holiness, usefulness and happiness. These are some of the principal rights which God has given to the human race. The possession and enjoyment of these rights is vital to the usefulness, dignity and happiness of mankind, and essential to our properly worshiping and glorifying God; while the invasion of them tends to the ruin of the whole man, soul and body. It tends to inflame the worst passions of our nature. What is better adapted to provoke to anger, wrath, strife, hatred, revenge, and other dire passions, than slavery? To take away these cardinal human rights, tends powerfully to sap the foundation of all virtue, order, and happiness; and to subvert every thing that is near and dear to man. Who can conceive a greater outrage upon human rights than slavery?

Slavery is a most cruel outrage upon human feelings. It tramples upon conscience—makes nothing of natural affection—crushes the tender sympathies of the soul to the earth; and neithes regards the sighs for mental and cordial happiness, or the cries and groans of human suffering. Every species of human feeling, however sacred or valuable, are immolated by the cruel system of slavery. It is perhaps impossible to conceive a greater outrage upon the feelings of humanity. Of what avail is it for the slave to consider his rational and moral nature, formed in the image of God—or to reflect upon the native dignity of his deathless soul, capable of endless and accelerated improvement in

knowledge, holiness and happiness? Of what avail to look upon the wife of his bosom, or upon his tender offspring? Slavery holds a rod of iron despotism over his head, ready to crush all his hopes and happiness. The very thoughts of abject, hopeless bondage drinks up the spirits of the slave, and crushes the whole man to the earth.

Slavery is a well known pest to human society. It ruins the morals and manners of a state, and nation. It is "a moral and politcal evil" of the "first magnitude." Said Jefferson, an eye witness of the tendencies of slavery, "The whole commerce between master and slave, is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on one part, and degrading submission on the other. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to his worst of passions; and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstaces."

Genius flies from the province of slavery, and the institutions of science languish. Passion, and the most depraved passions, take the lead. Licentiousness grows rank. Human life and property become insecure. Credit is ridden to death, and the currencies become so deranged as to prostrate the business of the country and create a want of bread among a large and useful class of the laborers. Real estate sinks far below its ordinary value. Internal improvements make little if any progress, and every thing tends to decay and ruin, in a land of slavery. Witness Senator Preston's rail road speech at Charlestown, after his return from the North, in which he portrayed the contrast between the slave and non-slaveholding states. Its effects upon the interests of religion and morality are still more deplorable, for it turns the former into gross hypocrisy, and the latter into vice.

Whether we consider its nature, its objects, its means of

support, its inherent tendencies, or its appendages, slavery is a sin of the first magnitude against God and man—is the extreme of despotism, both civil and ecclesiastical; the climax of irresponsible power, or, as Bolivar expressed it, "the infringement of all laws." It is difficult to conceive of any worse legal or practical tyranny; or of a more perfect antipode to the principles of natural justice avowed in the Declaration of American Independence, and the objects set forth in the preamble of our Federal Constitution. Well might John Jay, of Revolutionary memory, exclaim, "We have the highest reason to believe that the Almighty will not suffer slavery and the gospel to go hand in hand. It cannot, will not be."

Such is the moral hydra that the people of the United States, churches, ministers, and all, have long cherished as a friend, or apologized for as a neccessary evil. Lord what is man!!!

The Press.

The literature of the world is against slavery. This has become more and more apparent to all interested in slaveholding since the anti-slavery agitation. The new watchword—"Liberty for the SLAVE" has made the abstract idea of *liberty* hateful to them. To keep up domestic slavery, they have consented to become slaves to one another. How many books have been purged of their best contents, and how many more suppressed by slavish booksellors at the despotic nod of the slaveholder! As long ago as 1836, a work of an exceedingly interesting character appeared in England from the pen of Frances Trollope. It was entitled "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, or "Scenes in Mississippi." It had a frame work of fiction to enable it the more completely to combine in one view the various effects of slavery on the colored race and on society, than could be otherwise done. It was a remarkably accurate and illustrative delineation. All her previous

works had had a large sale in this country, and a subsequent one, "The Factory Boy" written on a similar plan, to illustrate the condition of the factory population in England, had a prodigious run. But no such good fortune was permitted to the poor "Scenes on the Mississippi." Interesting and just as it was, it was never allowed to appear.

It was dedicated "to those states of the American Union where slavery has been abolished or never permitted." But to this day the terror of losing southern patronage or incurring southern vengeance, forbids the *free* northern bookseller to republish it! The following description of New Orleans is extracted from it; and the whole book is an illustration of life at the extreme South, which wonld do great good could it be circulated.

New Orleans.

Meanwhile our hero arrived at New Orleans. There is always something splendid and attractive in the sight of a great city rising on the banks of a majestic river. The effect, indeed, is often delusive, giving an idea of general cheerfulness and prosperity which either belongs not to the scene at all, or only to a very limited portion of its population. In no instance, perhaps, is this more the case than at New Orleans. The noble Levee, forming a barrier to one of earth's most powerful streams—the long, long line of shipping, bearing the colors of all the nations of the world—the busy market—the well dressed crowd—the gay verandas—all speak of industry and wealth. But penetrate a very little beyond the surface, and where is the barren rock or desert moor that shows not a spectacle more cheering? Year after year, religion and philosophy have struck off the fetters from the emancipated slave in different quarters of the globe, but at New Orleans, every white man's object is to rivet them on his black brethren firmer and firmer still. This is the business of their lives: and what are their pleasures? To form illicit connections with the race they scorn, and to rouse their dreamy, idle *souls* to animation by the [illegible] stimulants of strong

drink and gambling: and then, as if their own unhappy deeds brought not sufficient punishment, the terrible fever stalks through the land breathing avenging curses with his poisonous breath. Such is NEW ORLEANS.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

Several years since, two French gentlemen travelled through the United States for the purpose of observing our government and institutions. Their names were Gustave Beaumont and Alexis de Tocqueville. On their return to France, they published the results of their observations. M. de Tocqueville's book was entitled "Democracy in America." It spoke of slavery as a great evil, but one from which it was exceedingly doubtful whether the country could ever be rid. This dispairing tone was not disagreeable to slaveholders; on the contrary, it was their own favorite one till within a few years. So the book was republished without difficulty here, and is now passing through a new, improved edition. M. Beaumont embodied the result of his observations in a novel, illustrative of the practical workings of slavery and its unfailing shadow, prejudice against color.

This book is deeply interesting, and it is hardly possible for one to rise from reading it, without being warmed into a state of mind to resolve to labor unceasingly against the oppressions done under our American sun! There is in in it nothing insurrectionary, nothing objectionable; but to this day it can not be published. The press of *free* America is under the control of slavery—the writers and the publishers of America have taken a retaining fee of slavery.

Mrs. Caroline Gilman, a northern woman, resident at the South, the wife of a clergyman, writes a work of fiction sifting in the praises of slavery. Is there any difficulty about its publication? are booksellers afraid it will bring them a larger income of paving stones than of dollars? —not at all. It goes like wild-fire. Hardly the necessity of a puff. And when the minister of a town in free Massachusetts (who is as much opposed to slavery as any body,

only he feels it his duty to do his people's thinking for them, and dislikes the introduction of any subject that might impede the exercise of his functions as thinker-general,) I say when that minister was asked by the ladies of his society to select a book for the social Library, he selected this pro-slavery work of Mrs. Gilman's. So flimsy and worthless a one, its pro-slavery aside, that I cannot remember its name. That man is no more guilty than the great majority of the Gallileans and Gallios of the ministry. Farmers of Massachusetts! you are in bondage to slavery this hour! *she* holds the leading strings of your ministers—*she* teaches theology at your seminaries—*she* maintains at every corner, a supervisor of your libraries, and a censor of your presses. One publishing office,however, is free. It is the publishing office of the *American Anti-Slavery Society.* No pro-slavery spirit mounts guard *there.* Its managers, your servants for the cause sake, are poor in every thing but faith, and weak in every thing but integrity, but in these they are strong. In the name of humanity, furnish them with the means to go on with energy.

For the Monthly Offering.

"The North Opposed to Slavery."

"I am for the abolition of slavery; nor would I arrogate to myself, and a few others with me, this as our exclusive honor. I believe all whom I address, and the great body of the people of the New England and of the northern states, share the same honor. That there may be individuals at the North having pecuniary interests involved in southern slavery, and therefore in favor of perpetuating the system, is very possible; but it is the speaker's privilege never to have *known* such a person. *I doubt whether there is such a citizen in Boston;* THERE CERTAINLY IS NOT IN THE CONGREGATION TO WHICH I MINISTER."—Hubbard Winslow.

The above declaration of Mr Winslow in his celebrated

"Thanksgiving sermon" is, with some exceptions, often made by a large class of people among us who contend that the North *is*, and *always has been*, opposed to slavery. They insist that the position of the abolitionists that the *North* is pro-slavery and is the real *slaveholding power* of this country, is a foul slander, and a crime of sufficient enormity to merit death without benefit of clergy.

Now I know not what others may think, but for my single self, I find it hard to bring the assertion of Mr. W. to any principle which will not deprive him who uttered it either of common sense or common honesty. Can it be possible that a person with such opportunities of obtaining information as this man, could be so deplorably ignorant of the events which have transpired in our country for a few past years, and of the relation which subsists between the North and South, and the structure of our government, and so wofully blind to the connexion which must of necessity exist between these and slavery, as really to believe this declaration? I dont know but it is *possible*, but it is surely hard to believe it.

Is it then true that the North is heartily opposed to slavery, and sincerely desirous for its abolition? Are the citizens of Boston to a man, or even the members of Mr. Winslow's congregation, anxious to have this foul sin blotted from the land? Why then has there been such fiend-like opposition to the principles and measures of the abolitionists? Why did "5,000 gentlemen of property and standing" assemble in the streets of that city to mob a few females, who had met together to pray for the overthrow of slavery, and to inquire of one another and of their God in the fulness of hearts warmed with the purest benevolence, whether they could not do something to liberate their oppressed brethren and sisters from their unrighteous bondage? Why was it, that an unoffending citizen was dragged like a felon through the streets and finally incarcerated by the city authorities within the walls of a prison to preserve him from the tender mercies of these same gentlemen of property and standing,who are represented as

being so decidedly opposed to slavery? Why have almost the entire population of this slavery-hating city pitted themselves against the friends of the slave, and strove, by the most bitter and relentless persecution to crush the free spirit of abolition within their borders? Why is it that churches have been closed, and notices of anti-slavery meetings suppressed, and abolitionists excluded from pulpits where the southern robber and man-stealer is welcomed with the most fraternal embrace? Why was it that the noble philanthropist, George Thompson, was hunted like a wild beast of the forest, ostensibly because he was a foreigner interfering with our domestic institutions, while foreigners are permited to write and speak *in favor* of the patriarchal institution without let or hindrance? Why was it, that when the Marlborough Chapel was dedicated, the Mayor was obliged to put in requisition the military force of the city to prevent a mob from destroying it, on the ground that it was to be "*dedicated to abolition?*" Are all these, and much more which might be named, indications of hostility to slavery?

If the North is opposed to this system, why was our devoted and beloved brother Lovejoy shot down in the streets of Alton for his advocacy of freedom? Why is it that this deed which, if not like that of the witches in Macbeth, absolutely "without a name," it would still be difficult to class with the ordinary crimes of mistaken patriotism or deliberate villainy, why is it that this deed has been suffered to go unpunished and the perpetrators walk unmolested through the community, boasting their agency in the abominable outrage? Why is it that the only building erected for the purpose of free discussion upon all the great questions connected with human welfare in a population of fifteen millions of professed disciples of freedom, and which was dedicated to "virtue, liberty and independence" was burnt to the ground within three days from its completion by a mob composed of thousands of the citizens of Philadelphia? Why has this item been added to the nation's guilt? Why has this addition been made to the dark catalogue of crime

and oppression with which she stands charged before the God of the universe? Why is it that the spirit of violence has rolled like a flood over the land, destroying the property, deranging the business and endangering the lives of those who are endeavoring to make a practical application of the great truths contained in the Declaration of Indpendence? Why have both church and state basely bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery? Why even now are the two great political parties of the day vieing with each other in doing her homage and trampling upon the rights of man? Why is all this if the people of the *so called* free States are opposed to slavery, as Hubbard Winslow and a multitude of others say they are?

Will any one say that this is all evidence of anti-slavery feeling and that such a course has been rendered necessary in order to prevent the abolitionists, by their wild and fanatical course, from "riveting the fetters upon the slave," and placing "the day of his emancipation in the more distant and uncertain future?" If this is the true state of the case it was probably for the same reason that the Post Office was robbed at Charlestown, and Amos Dresser was lynched at Nashville, and Aaron Kitchell and John Hopper in Georgia, and even brother Lovejoy murdered in Alton. The same motive too doubtless induced Calhoun to strive to prevent the transmission of A. S. publications through the mail, and Preston to declare that if an abolitionist entered South Carolina, he would be hung in spite of all the governments in the world! The same philanthropic feelings have also caused the Priests and Levites, the literary and theological seminaries to oppose with such surprising pertinacity and bitterness the mad schemes of the fanatics, and to defend slavery from the word of God. The same love of freedom beat in Webster's breast when he sold himself and his party to slavery at Alexandria, and confirmed the sale still more recently at Richmond; and thus damned himself to an immortality of infamy, second only to that of him who betrayed the "Son of Man" into the hands of his murderers for thirty pieces of silver. For

girls should not be sold in the shambles—You refused to *intreat* that the heart-broken wife should not be separated from her husband—You would not even sign your *name* to a prayer that little children might not be torn from their shrieking mothers!

To persons who plead the authority of others as a reason for not signing, we commend the godly example of Mrs. Wesley, rather than silent acquiescence. The mother of the Rev. John Wesley was wife of an Episcopal clergyman, residing in the midst of a poor and ignorant neighborhood. During the absence of her husband, she was in the habit of calling her family together to unite in prayer and listen to the Scriptures. By degrees, several poor neighbors joined the circle, that they might share the consolations of her ministry. The rector of an adjoining village reproved her for thus departing from the allotted province of woman. She replied that these ignorant creatures were hungry for the bread of life, and no man could be found in the vicinity capable of feeding the neglected flock. A letter of complaint was then written to her husband, who immediately urged her to desist from a course so unusual and improper. She answered, "If my husband commands me to refrain from discharging this duty, I will obey, as becomes a dutiful wife; provided, he will take the responsibility at the judgment seat of Christ." When Mr. Wesley received this solemn reply, it took from him all disposition to fetter the conscience of his wife.

Liberty Bell.

Articles of the highest degree of excellence have been received by the editor of this Annual, for the forth coming No. Donations towards the publication, should be sent to M. W. Chapman. Arrangements have been made for a fine engraving of superior excellence. It will probably be the best gift book that has yet issued from the anti-slavery press.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

By Maria Weston Chapman.

Matthew v. 23, 24.

Have we not all one Father?
Then let us all with filial hearts unite,
As on this hallowed festival we gather,
To bring an offering precious in his sight.

We stand before thine altar,
Oh, God of freedom! with the free hearts' gift;
Then wherefore should our troubled accents falter,
As at thy shrine our orisons we lift?

Because the voice of weeping
From long-forgotten slaves who wear our chain,
Comes to our hearts where brotherhood was sleeping,
And stays the utterance of our choral strain.

Thou wouldst have mercy, rather
Than sacrifice by slavery's breath defiled,
Oh thou of every race alike the father!—
No gift like hearts in FREEDOM reconciled!

Oh thou of good the giver!
We fling our worthless gift with tears away,
And haste our suffering brethren to deliver
Ere at thy shrine our grateful hearts we lay.

Thanksgiving.

By M. W. Chapman.

Free children of New England! gather round
Your hearths on this time-honored festival,
A freeman's blessing on the slave to call,
Who toils in hopeless pain beyond the sound
Of joy and gladness in your dwellings found.
Free though your *own* unfettered footsteps are,
Your wills to follow, limitless and far,
Your *land* is yet with freedom's wreath uncrowned.
There's not a hollow of her smiling hills
That may not echo to the blood-hound's baying
As o'er the field the free-born laborer tills,
The slave's proud master hunts him even to slaying!
Shall such things be! no! gather tenfold stronger,
And cry to heaven and earth—Such wrong shall be no longer!

We regret not having received the remainder of the story of the fugitive slave, by our friend Hiram Wilson. In anticipation of receiving it, we prepared no other narrative, and request our juvenile friends to excuse the deficiency.

☞The Collectors are requested to increase the number of subscribers to the Offering as they find opportunity.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1840.

For the Monthly Offering.

JAMES MAJOR MONROE—A Fugitive Slave.

BY HIRAM WILSON.

Concluded from page 56

Deep solicitude sat upon the brow of the poor captive. We had every physical comfort that heart could wish. The happy circle around the Autumnal fire-side assuaged the sorrows, and in some degree, dispelled the gloom that darkened the prospect of the care-worn pilgrim to the American Canaan. The frightful howling of the winds, the rapid falling of the leaves, and the constant roar of the waves, dashing upon the southern shores of the lake, most effectually impressed my mind with the decay of nature beneath the warring elements, and at the same time fitly corresponded with the tempestuous heavings of his troubled breast. We waited with painful anxiety till the going down of the sun, when the wind abated, a calm ensued, and we were called to the departing steamer. We proceeded on our way, thankful to God for our protection, and soon found ourselves at Detroit. A narrow strait only, separated the pilgrim from the "promised land." He was soon at the east end of what we sometimes call Freedom's Ferry, where the deep gloom of a worse than Egyptian night departed, and gave place to the bright sun of British liberty, which now beamed upon him. He readily found employment in a respectable family, where he not only received liberal wages, but soon gained the confidence and approba-

tion of his employer. When he first entered the Province I lost sight of him and he of me for about three weeks.

When we met again, I found him remarkably grateful for his deliverance. Seldom have I ever seen a person apparently more thankful for the protection of Heaven and the benefactions of men. He remained but a short time on the Canada side till he found he could command much higher wages at a public house in Detroit, Michigan. Accordingly he spent several months in that city, during which time he periled his liberty for the purpose of accumulating property and furnishing himself with the means of getting his wife out of bondage. For industry, integrity, and fidelity to his engagements, he soon established a good reputation and was much respected by all who knew him. During the winter of 1837, he discovered that southern hyenas were prowling about in Detroit and spreading a snare for him. To avoid them he skipped across upon the ice to the Canada shore, in extremely perilous circumstances—the river having but just frozen over, and no other person yet daring to cross. In the course of a few days when all was again quiet, he returned to the city and resumed his services, and continued to labor unmolested till some time in the spring, when some vile miscreant in the capacity of a man-thief entered his sleeping apartment in the dead of the night, for the purpose of capturing and returning him again to slavery. A sharp conflict ensued, in which the invader was wounded with a large carving knife and immediately repulsed.

Traces of blood were noticed in the yard the next morning, but who the assailant was, or whither he went, was not known. Fortunately for James, and perhaps more so for himself he showed his face there no more.

In mid-summer of the same year, I visited Detroit, and found him in trouble and deep anxiety about his wife, she was still south of the Ohio river in the cruel fangs of slavery, and he was determined if possible to rescue her. He showed me a thrilling letter he had but just received from her, which wrought upon his sympathies and strengthened *his noble* but desperate purpose. He seemed to think that

time, that no other being on earth but the wife of his youth could ever have his affections—he was ready therefore to jeopardize his liberty and his life on her behalf. Several persons tried to discourage him, and told him he was a fool for going, but to no purpose—his heart was fixed—his mind was unwavering. He gathered together a sufficient amount of money to defray his expenses—unbosomed to me his cares and submitted to my judgment his plan which was well contrived for accomplishing his object. The most I feared was, that his strong affection for his companion, would induce him to go too far in periling his own liberty. As I was then coming down the lake from Detroit to Buffalo, he took a passage with me to Cleaveland in the same boat. We reached Cleaveland about midnight. I conducted the poor fellow up into the city to the house of a friend, whom I knew would not be offended if called up at that hour. I introduced the pilgrim stranger to my friend who kindly received him. I stated briefly his delicate circumstances—gave him a few lines of introduction to friends on his way, prayerfully commended him to God and returned in haste to the boat, lest I should be left. I heard nothing more of him for many weeks. When we met again, he narrated to mehis adventures. Unfortunately he failed of accomplishing his object and was under the necessity of flying back to the North in sad loneliness, grieved and disappointed. He saw his old master LaTule, but was not discovered by him. How must his aching heart have throbbed and his grief-worn frame have quivered at the sight of the bloody tryant! For I had often noticed broad scars of a finger length about the face and neck of James, which he said LaTule had caused in freaks of passion with a butcher's knife. His master was a butcher by trade, and evidently a cruel, bloody man. James saw his wife and had a brief interview with her on the trembling theme of elopement. She engaged to meet him at a certain time and place, when he was to bring her away, but for some cause or other, she failed of coming at the time proposed. He waited beyond the time, and finally despairing of her coming, he left the place, well nigh overcome with anguish.

Several slaves had but recently escaped from that neighborhood, in consequence of which a rigid system of vigilance was kept up, and his noble purposes were thwarted. On his return to the North, he was twice interrupted and taken. Once he liberated himself by violence, and once he was brought before a strangely fanatical magistrate, who interrogated the captor thus; "Why have you brought this man before me?" Ans. "Because I thought him to be a runaway!" You thought him to be a runaway! (indignantly) "*You thought him to be a runaway!!*" said the magistrate, "and what right had you to stop this man on his journey? Suppose you were travelling among strangers, and some person should stop you and bring you before a magistrate, simply because he thought you to be a thief, when there was no shadow of proof against you, how would you regard such treatment?" The case was instantly non-suited. Said the magistrate to the poor captive, "You see the high way out there." Yes. "*Very well, just go out and take which end you please, and go where you please.*" I have frequently seen the subject of this narrative since that time, and am sorry to end the story by saying, that he is married to another woman. We may not wonder at this. I know a man in this Province, who is now living with his fifth wife, and for aught he knows the four first are all living, but were violently sundered from him at the South. In the first instance, he was working at a mill when news came to his ear that his wife was sold and driven off. He took a large stone, lashed a grape vine round it, went upon the mill-dam, fixed a noose for his neck and was about to plunge to the bottom of the deep water below, but the thought occurred that it would be the ruin of his soul for eternity. So he rolled off the stone, which went quick to the bottom. He sat and gazed upon the spot while the bubbles rose to the top and broke—awful thoughts revolved within his breast for a few moments, when he rose and left the place.

"Fleecy locks and dark complexion,
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and whites the same."

To the Editor of the Offering.

The following letter to Professor Hodges, Princeton, New Jersey, induced by an article in the Liberator of May 17th, headed "Slavery in the Churches" was sent more than a year since. No reply has been received. It is at your service for the Offering. H. S.

Boston, June 14th, 1839.

Sir,—In a late Southern Christian Sentinel, an article written by you and published in the Biblical Repository, is quoted with great approbation; an extract from this article has alone meet my view; from that I learn you seek to maintain the position that Slavery is not forbidden in the Bible. Your arguments have proved a healing unction to the sore mind of the slaveholder.

I have reflected very deeply on your position advanced at this time, when an effort is now making by a band of religious people to impress the slaveholder that he is guilty concerning his brother; will you allow me to propound a few questions to you on this subject, and to request you to have the goodness to answer them categorically?

1. If the statutes of the Lord are right and his commandments pure, enlightening the eyes, has he not in these statutes and commandments furnished us with a rule to guide us in every possible situation in which we may be placed towards himself, and our fellow men?

2. Would the slaveholder violate any law of God, by breaking every yoke and letting the oppressed go free?

3. If slavery is not forbidden in the Bible, may it not continue in our midst, when transgression is finished, and an end made of sin, and everlasting righteousness be brought in?

4. If the letter and the spirit of the Bible are not against slavery, then the awful denunciations against oppressors cannot reach the slaveholder. (See Job xxvii.) On whom then, will these punishments fall?

5. There is something divinely tender in God's directions for the kind treatment of the stranger! "If a stran-

ger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him, but the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born amongst you, and thou shalt love him as yourself." Will not this law reach the human beings brought here in slave-ships? If not, where do you class them? are they the poor, the outcast, the needy, the naked, the hungry, the sick, the broken-hearted, the ignorant, the heathen, the sinners, the members of God's mystical body? does not God's mercy meet them in each of these characters, and enjoins upon his brother a duty to be performed? Is the slave without the pale of God's love?

6. What wrong did the sons of Jacob by selling Joseph into slavery? was it more sinful to sell one of Jacob's sons than any other of our heavenly Father's children?

7. What wrong did Pharaoh to the Israelites? if slavery is not forbidden, where are his accusers?

8. How will slavery stand the law, "Love thy neighbor as thyself?" and the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by?" Can it remain where these laws are applied?

I have many other questions to propose, but will not trouble you with them at this time. Should you condescend an answer to my queries, I shall consider it as a permission to address you again on this subject.

Liberty and Equality.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

But, say our opponents, your plan contemplates the elevation of negroes, to the rank of white men—you claim for them equal civil and social privileges. Surely we do. We would give them every opportunity, every facility, every assistance to rise to an equality with us, ay, to surpass us, if they can. For we do not presume, that even white men, though they are rich, and proud, and indolent, have attained the summit of human excellence; and we dare not bid the sable children of our heavenly Father to aspire after a resemblance to any lower one than that dearly beloved Son, with whom the Father declared himself well pleased.

And where is the folly, or the hazard, in what we say, and would do? We by no means insist, that ignorant men shall be regarded as wise, or vicious men accounted as upright and pure. But we do insist, that the ignorant of all complexions ought to be permitted and assisted to become wise—and the wicked to become good. And we insist that men, black, no less than white, should be acknowledged to be what they are, both positively and comparatively.

Our white brethren, we suspect, would not be so very sensitive on this point, as they are, if their title to the superiority they claim, was not doubtful. Were some visionary disciples of Lord Monboddo, (if he has any,) to propose a plan for the improvement of the race of monkies, and their elevation to the rights and privileges of men, who would think of seriously opposing the project? Who would not readily say to the dreamers, go on, if you will, and when you get your monkies to be men, we will acknowledge them.

Many there are, who affect to regard the negroes as a race of beings nearly akin to monkies. But when we see severe laws enacted, prohibiting the instruction of colored people throughout the slave-holding States; and heavy penalties inflicted upon those who dare to teach them;—and when, at the North, we see every impediment thrown in the way of their improvement, what does it prove? What? That their opposers know there are beneath their darker skins intellectual powers, and moral affections, which, if cherished and suffered to unfold, would command for these despised, oppresed, outraged ones all that respect and affection, which are due to those, who are made of the same blood, are the children of the same parent, and heirs of the same immortality.

We are fairly ashamed of our white brethren. They have had the advantage of the colored men for two centuries, if no more, and are afraid to give them an equal chance even now. This is mean. For ourselves, we can feel no self complacency in keeping in advance of our colored brethren, so long as they are *chained* behind us. We

would rather strike off their chains, lay aside every weight that encumbers them, remove every impediment from their path, lend them an helping hand, if they need it, raise them up when they fall, and in every way encourage them to run the race, which is set before them, as well as us, and to stretch forward that they may attain, if they can, nearer than ourselves to the mark of our high calling—the stature of perfect men.

Dr. Channing's New Work.

We rejoice to give the readers of the Offering a few detached passages from Dr. Channing's new work. It is the best that he has yet written on the subject of Slavery and Freedom; and we hope it will be widely circulated.

"It is important, that we should each of us bear our conscientious testimony against slavery, not only to swell that tide of public opinion, which is to sweep it away, but that we may save ourselves from sinking into silent, unsuspecting acquiescence in the evil. A constant resistance is needed to this downward tendency, as is proved by the tone of feeling in the free States. What is more common among ourselves, than a courteous, apologetic disapprobation of slavery, which differs little from taking its part. This is one of its worst influences. It taints the whole country. The existence, the perpetual presence of a great, prosperous, unrestrained system of wrong in a community, is one of the sorest trials to the moral sense of the people, and needs to be earnestly withstood. The idea of justice becomes unconsciously obscured in our minds. Our hearts become more or less seared to wrong. The South says, that slavery is nothing to us at the North. But through our trade, we are brought into constant contact with it; we grow familiar with it; still more, we thrive by it; and the next step is easy, to consent to the sacrifice of human beings, by whom we prosper. The dead know not their

want of life; and so a people, whose moral sentiments are palsied by the interweaving of all their interests with a system of oppression, become degraded without suspecting it. In consequence of this connection with slave countries, the Idea of Human Rights, that great idea of our age, and on which we profess to build our institutions, is darkened, weakened among us, so as to be to many little more than a sound. A country of licensed, legalized wrongs, is not the atmosphere in which the sentiment of reverence for these rights can exist in full power. In such a community, there may be a respect for the arbitary rights, which law creates, and may destroy, and a respect for historical rights, which rest on usage. But the fundamental rights which inhere in man as man, and which lie at the foundation of a just, equitable, beneficent, noble polity, must be imperfectly comprehended. This depression of moral sentiment in a people, is an evil, the extent of which is not easily apprehended. It affects and degrades every relation of life. Men, in whose sight human nature is stripped of all its rights and dignity, cannot love or honor any who possess it, as they ought. In offering these remarks, I do not forget what I rejoice to know, that there is much moral feeling among us in regard to slavery. But still there is a strong tendency to indifference, and to something worse; and on this account we owe it to our own moral health, and to the moral life of society, to express plainly and strongly our moral abhorrence of this institution."

"There is one portion of the community, to which I would especially commend the cause of the enslaved, and the duty of open testimony against this form of oppression; and that is, our women."

"I know it will be said, that in thus doing, woman will wander beyond her sphere, and forsake her proper work. What! Do I hear such language in a civilized age, and in a land of Christians. What, let me ask, is woman's work? It is to be a minister of Christian love. It is to sympathize with human misery. It is to keep alive in society some feeling of human brotherhood. This is her mission on

earth. Woman's sphere, I am told, is home. And why is home instituted? Why are domestic relations ordained? These relations are for a day; they cease at the grave. And what is their great end? To nourish a love which will endure forever, to awaken universal sympathy. Our ties to our parents are to bind us to the Universal Parent. Our fraternal bonds to help us to see in all men our brethren. Home is to be a nursery of Christians; and what is the end of Christianity but to awaken in all souls the principles of universal justice and universal charity. At home we are to learn to love our neighbor, our enemy, the stranger, the poor, the oppressed. If home do not train us to this, then it is woefully perverted. If home counteract and quench the spirit of Christianity, than we must remember the Divine Teacher, who commands us to forsake father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child, for His sake, and for the sake of his truth. If the walls of home are the bulwarks of a narrow, clannish love, through which the cry of human miseries and wrongs cannot penetrate, then it is mockery to talk of their sacredness. Domestic life is at present too much in hostility to the spirit of Christ. A family should be a community of dear friends, strengthening one another for the service of their fellow creatures. Can we give the name of Christian to most of our families? Can we give it to women, who have no thoughts, or sympathies for multitudes of their own sex, distant only two or three days' journey from their doors, and exposed to outrages, from which they would pray to have their own daughters snatched, though it were by death?"

"Having spoken of the individual, I proceed to speak of the duties of the Free States, in their political capacity, in regard to slavery; and these may be reduced to two heads, both of them negative. The first is, to abstain as rigidly from the use of political power against slavery in the States where it is established, as from exercising it against slavery in foreign communities. The second is, to free ourselves from all obligation to use the powers of the national or

State governments in any manner whatever for the support of slavery.

The first duty is clear. In regard to slavery, the Southern States stand on the ground of foreign communities. They are not subject or responsible to us more than these. No state-sovereignty can intermeddle with the institutions of another. We might as legitimately spread our legislation over the schools, churches, or persons of the South, as over their slaves. And in regard to the general government, we know that it was not intended to confer any power, direct or indirect, on the free, over the slave States. Any pretension to such power on the part of the North, would have dissolved immediately the convention which framed the constitution. Any act of the free States, when assembled in Congress, for the abolition of slavery in other States, would be a violation of the national compact, and would be just cause of complaint.

On this account, I cannot but regret the disposition of a part of our abolitionists to organize themselves into a political party. Were it indeed their simple purpose to free the North from all obligation to give support to slavery, I should agree with them in their end, though not in their means. By looking, as they do, to political organization, as a means of putting down the institution in other States, they lay themselves open to reproach. I know, indeed, that excellent men are engaged in this movement, and I acquit them of all disposition to transcend the limits of the Federal Constitution. But it is to be feared, that they may construe this instrument too literally; that, forgetting its spirit, they may seek to use its powers for purposes very remote from its original design. Their failure is almost inevitable. By extending their agency beyond its true bounds, they ensure its defeat in its legitimate sphere. By assuming a political character, they lose the reputation of honest enthusiasts, and come to be considered as hypocritical seekers after place and power. Should they, in opposition to all probability, become a formidable party, they would unite the slaveholding States as one man; and the

South, always able, when so united, to link with itself a party at the North, would rule the country as before."

"I cannot but express again regret at the willingness of the abolitionists to rely on and pursue political power. Their strength has always lain in the simplicity of their religious trust, in their confidence in christian truth. Formerly, the hope sometimes crossed my mind, that, by enlarging their views and purifying their spirit, they would gradually become a religious community, founded on the recognition of God as the common, equal Father of all mankind, on the recognition of Jesus Christ as having lived and died to unite to himself and to baptize with his spirit every human soul, and on the recognition of the brotherhood of all the members of God's human family. There are signs that Christians are tending, however slowly, toward a church, in which these great ideas of Christianity will be realized; in which a spiritual reverence for God, and for the human soul, will take place of the customary homage paid to outward distinctions; and in which our present narrow sects will be swallowed up. I thought, that I saw in the principles with which the abolitionists started, a struggling of the human mind toward this christian union. It is truly a disappointment to see so many of their number becoming a political party, an association almost always corrupting, and most justly suspected on account of the sacrifices of truth, and honor, and moral independence, which it extorts even from well-disposed men. Their proper work is to act on all parties, to support each as far as it shall be true to human rights, to gather laborers for the good cause from all bodies, civil and religious, and to hold forth this cause as a universal interest, and not as the property or stepping stone of a narrow association.

I know that it is said, that nothing but this political action can put down slavery. Then slavery must continue; and if we faithfully do our part as Christians, we are not responsible for its continuance. We are not to feel, as if we were bound to put it down by any and every means. Let us then work against all wrong, but with a calm, sol-

emn earnestness, not with vehemence and tumult. Let us work with deep reverence and filial trust toward God, and not in the proud impetuosity of our own wills. Happy the day, when such laborers shall be gathered by an inward attraction into one church or brotherhood, whose badge, creed, spirit, shall be Universal Love."

A Fact.

A lady who had been informed that the children of slaves receive religious instruction, was undeceived by the answer of a little bright-eyed slave girl to a single question.

"My dear, can you tell me what you were made for?"

"Yes, missey;—made to sell."

No oral instruction that the child had ever received, (though it might have enjoyed the privilege of family prayer at the great house, catechetical instruction, and three sermons a week,) could countervail this terrible instruction of *facts*. M. W. C.

Testimony of a Dying Witness.

It is a gentle eve, the pale pure moon,
Looks o'er the sweep of waters, as they lie
Stretched out, beneath her meek and lovely eye.
It is a grateful hour, even to the sick;
The balmy flowers that wreathe yon window low,
Are not more sweet, than to the languid soul
This grateful stillness, this refreshing calm.

Turn thy faint head, my brother! said a maid,
Kneeling beside the couch of wasting pain;
Oh! turn and see how full of heaven is earth,
In this most blessed night—such, oh beloved!
Such be the hour when thou art called away,
To the far mansion of thy heavenly rest.—

" Sister," the sick man answered, " now the while
I lie at ease, and feel the influence bland
Of this heart-soothing hour, I will relate
The history of my wanderings and return,
As thou hast tenderly of me required.
Thou knowest beloved sister, I was born
Where freedom visits all, but those like me
Tinctured with Ethiop blood.—Early I felt
The burning of the brand, though counted free.
I felt the withering of eternal scorn
Repress the gladness of my childish hours ;
And harrow up my warm aspiring youth ;
Oh ! who can think of Nature's sufferings,
Till Jesus, till my blessed Savior came,
His heart o'erflowing with his healing love,
His arms extended, and his bosom warm,
To clasp the closer his despised one.

Could I unmindful of such mercy prove !
Ah ! sister hear the truth ! I fain must tell
How christian pride, and my revolting heart,
But for Eternal Grace, had wrecked my soul.

I went to a fair city ; everywhere,
The temple of the impartial God arose.
I entered in, the pale-faced worshippers
Had equal seats—but there was *none* for me.—
I like a culprit, guilty of some crime,
Too vile to mingle with his fellow men,
Must be *permitted* in some lonely nook,
Oh, foulest shame ! oh ever during blot !
Eternity shall tremble yet, to hear,
How pride usurps the very seat of God.

Even the love with which my new born soul
Had sought her christian kindred, thus repulsed,
Quickened the bitterness. I turned away
A " little one offended,"—darkness came,

And gloomy doubt, athwart my tempted soul.
My mind confused, could separate no more
The unrighteous practice from the holy faith—
I heard the name of Jesus but from those,
Whose heart despised me, claiming to be his.
That once so precious name, associate now
With what most stung me, was no longer dear.
Once to a fallen church Jehovah said,
"It is through you the Eternal blessed name
Is every day blasphemed." Alas! my heart,
Though it blasphemed not—seemed to love no more.

At length one Sabbath day, while in this mood
I roamed at will, and heard from every side
God praised in all the churches, I beheld
The temple also of those blinded men
Who see no God, in this *God breathing* world.
I entered in. *Here* to be thrust away
In some lone corner, had not wounded me.
Men free to act themselves, without restraint
Of God or conscience, should be prone to pride.
But lo, here was equality; no man
Came with a look severe to show my place.
I felt myself at once an equal man;
I cannot tell, how dangerously fast
This overcame my soul; soon, soon I grew
As lost as these in deadly unbelief.
Too soon, too soon, I found, that I had lost
My precious peace of mind, my Comforter.
The sweet, clear shining of redeeming love,
Before obscured, seemed now *entirely gone.*
No evidence had I, but the deep pain
With which I sought in vain an absent God,
Still came with deeper gloom—till as it were
Hell closed around me.—Hapless one! thought I,
Driven from thy Father's house, why didst thou go
To engulph thy spirit in that fiery state,
Of everlasting blackness and despair?

I left the infidels: the inward storm
Raged till it spent itself—then died away
In sullen calmness, till I thought my soul
Had seen her last of the white wings of hope
Soaring away from me, far out of sight.
But while I sat in darkness of the grave,
With heart all desolation, having past
My last, last struggle with my threatened fate,
Lo, suddenly there broke a ray of light
Upon my soul; from Calvary it came.
God of my spirit, what an hour was that,
When on my knees, my thirsty soul imbibed,
That first sweet draught of thy returning love.
Jesus, thou knowest, how I wept away,
In one short moment, all the pain of years.
In flowed the sweetness, in a deeper gush,
Till all my soul, and all my heart was full
Of the abundant joy. So God forgave,
And at his feet I there forgave the men,
Whose pride had blighted all my early love.
But sister, with my love to God, there came
Pure jealous indignation, when I saw
The holy name so outraged and betrayed,
Brought to sustain and sanction foulest crime,
By those who call themselves the sons of God.
But now I die in peace, for lo I see
The hastening morning of a better day.
I hear the battlements of many towers
Come groaning to the ground. I see the thrones
Are all cast down—the highest stars of pride
Fall from the skies—the heavens grow dark and void,
The former things all pass away, and lo
A Heaven and Earth, where God may ever dwell.
Farewell, sweet sister, I have told thee all;
Go wipe thy weeping eyes and pray for me,
Then sink to sleep, for all within is well
With thy loved brother, if he wakes no more."

S.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1841.

Anti-Slavery Experience.

"Thought would destroy their paradise."—*Gray.*

It was a cold and cloudy morning, in the December of 1835, when I prepared to go forth on a mission, very far from delightful, as will appear before I finish. The putting on of my cloak and bonnet occupied, at least, twice the usual time, and my collar, my scarf, and even my over-shoes, received a share of attention, to which they were, by no means, accustomed. Usually, a very few minutes suffice for the arrangement of my walking equipments, even when the place of the promenade is Washington Street, and its time from twelve till two.—I wish the obvious reason, worst of all, personal vanity, were the true one, but I fear that must be found in the ever recurring phrase of the Glenburn cottagers, "I winna be fashed," language to which my very heart responds in many matters besides those of dress. But now, to my imagination, the very interests of Freedom and Righteousness were connected with the smoothness of my ribbon and the frill of my cap; Truth seemed to rest for support on the fact whether indeed the starching of my collar was *clear* starching, and Mercy to ask anxiously if there was not a pinch in my bonnet. Rosamond's anxiety hardly equalled mine.

On one part of my dress, I felt it useless to waste either time or thought. No expenditures of either could preserve my stockings from the most unjust representations. What availed it that they were white, and that

this was the first time of wearing? I knew that through some optical delusion, they would appear to the gaze of nearly all my beholders both blue and ragged.

I gave a last glance at my face, and in view of its paleness, pitied myself as kindly as if I had been my neighbor —seized three or four ominous rolls of paper, mended my pencil, and rushed out of the house. As I hurried along the Mall, a very cold, cutting wind drove over it, but I heeded it not —"Whistling to keep one's courage up," is a privilege strictly masculine, and was therefore to me unavailable; but I supplied its place by calling to mind sundry scraps of Anti-Slavery poetry—and as the severity of the weather had created a solitude around me, I even ventured to repeat them aloud.

The melancholy cadence of my own voice strengthened me, and as I entered one of our most fashionable streets, I felt my composure return wonderfully. I rung at the door of a large handsome house, and was shewn into a large, handsome drawing-room. The lady of the mansion entered, and her courtesee astonished me. I forgot two important facts, which, remembered, would have caused my astonishment to cease. 1st. She did not know the business on which I came—and secondly, as I had done justice to my dress, it now returned me the favor by inspiring Mrs. W. with a kindly feeling, which expressed itself in sundry little civilities. I seized the first pause, it was like pulling the strings of a shower bath.

"I called, Madam, for the purpose of asking your signature to a petition for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia."

The tone of her voice, the expression of her face, the repose of her manner, changed as by magic. "Oh, no, indeed! not on any condition, oh, no! oh no!" She could hardly assure herself that even these multiplied negatives rendered her safe. I rose, at once, but as I rose, she exclaimed, "Pray were you one of the ladies who were mobbed, a month or two ago?"

I answered in the affirmative,—and in a remark or two

from her, that followed, she seemed to consider the fact, that I had been mobbed, so complete a justification of *her* refusal to sign the petition, that I felt emboldened to bear a testimony which was received with a mixture of amusement and wonder.

A number of calls succeeded too similar to the one I have just described, to require further mention. There was such perfect sameness in the furniture of the various drawing-rooms, such a very upholster shop look, such an absence of almost every thing that could imply that their inmates ever worked or read, (for the souvenir on the centre table go for nothing) that one specimen of a room would fairly represent the class, in the same way any well dressed woman, polite before; she knew my business, a little frightened, and a little angry afterwards, might well enough represent the class who all turned a deaf ear to my request.

One or two of my reminiscences, however, are sufficiently permanent to merit description. Some young ladies, whose initials, even, I will not venture to give, have several brothers uncommonly ill-formed, and silly, even in the eyes of the public, that constitute the gay Society of Boston. One of them, after studying the petition attentively, for a few minutes, told me, "No; we think it best to leave matters of such great importance as this to our brothers. They know, I am sure, what is best to be done, and they will do all that is necessary."

Not feeling quite prepared to leave the cause of Freedom in those hands which the Misses ——— thought so pre-eminently safe, I entered the house of Mr L—— I rejoiced to see the master of the mansion on the sofa, for the ignorance and indifference of the women had been such that I felt for at least half woman kind as much contempt as a new organization minister affects to feel for the whole sex. Mrs L. sat in a rocking chair opposite her husband; as I presented the petition, her husband held out his hand to receive it, and I then saw she was partially blind.

"This lady has brought you a document of great importance, my dear," said the gentleman. "Shall I read it

2803018

to you?" She assented, and he began, in a tone of mingled ridicule and irony to read aloud, but as he continued, the words "wives torn from their husbands, mothers from their children" seemed strangely to interrupt his utterance. He slid in a parenthesis, "For all this I am very sory." But after he had finished and made sundry inquiries as to the number of subscribers obtained, the touch of grace vanished and the man's natural feeling returned.

"Now, my good young lady, let me have a little talk with you. I really feel sorry to see you running about on such an errand. I suppose you have heard of the Crusaders, havnt't you?" I assented. "Well, every body now a days laughs at the Crusaders; everybody thinks they were very ridiculous people: now you are acting just like the Crusaders. Freeing the slaves is a perfect Crusade. I dare say all the things on this paper you have brought are true enough; but only look at the matter reasonably. If it be our duty to be working for people as far off as the slaves, why, if we should succeed and free them, there would be half the world still in some difficulty or other, and the same reasons that make it right to help the slaves would bring all these other people on our hands; so you see," ended he, in a triumphant tone, "it is no use for you to begin, for where are you to stop?"

I admitted the truth of a part of what he said, and added that I supposed it *was* the duty of all Christians to labor for the annihilation of all suffering, during the whole of their lives, that to do this was one of the reasons for which they were sent into this world.

A laugh on his part, and an avowal that we all had better manage our own affairs, and leave those of our neighbors, closed the interview. I met with but little of gross abuse. One lady turned me out of the house with much violence of manner, declaring that I must mean to insult her. I found the solution of her conduct in the fact that she was, before marriage, a southerner, and a slave-holder. Another, the wife of a distinguished merchant, when some allusion was made to the sufferings of the slaves, exclaimed, "It is all a

perfect farce!" and angrily left the room, leaving me standing on the middle of the floor. Peace to the memory of one amiable old lady, since dead, who, though the widow of a man once high in state, complimented me on my kindness in travelling so far as was the District of Columbia. I explained to her her mistake, and she replied, "Why, I thought, my dear, as you was only trying to help the slaves in the District of Columbia, you must belong there; else, why dont you try to do something for the rest, as you say there is so many." I again explained, and she kindly said she would think about the matter. One did not know what her husband would think about it, and a large majority coldly indicated that the whole subject of slavery being out of the appropriate sphere of women, was one in which they took no interest. I obtained but a single signature. It was that of an intelligent looking girl, who came to the door, and who anxiously asked what success I met. Mr. Harrison Gray Otis ushered me from the room with much empressment, and Lieut. Gov. Armstrong, as far as I could conjecture, from a sort of dumb show, told his wife not to give her name.

One name, though obtained on another day, I judge worthy of mention here. A Rev. Dr. high in the theological world, said to his wife, "Give your name, if you like, but make use of your own christian name, don't use mine." So it was written, Julia so and so, not Mrs. ———, which might have compromised the interests of an association which seems actively engaged in the work of raising more ministers to shut more pulpits.

But let me pursue the uncomfortable remembrance no farther. I came home, weary and dispirited. All my tremors had subsided, but I felt *so* tired, *so* discouraged, and in fact, *so* amazed that women, to whom their own domestic ties were such objects of importance, should apparently esteem those of others of no consequence at all.

This was five years since, and I have gone over the same work every year, in the interim. Slowly, very slowly has my success increased, and now, in 1840, so harden-

ed to the task have I become, that I shall present my petition with as unbeating a heart as though it were a paper in aid of the Bunker Hill Monument.

What has been the reason of my ill success? To two causes I would fain impute it. Ignorance on the subject of slavery in the first place, and in the second misapprehension of their own individual responsibilities. Slavery is not sin and suffering, or if it be, their position as women absolves them from the labor of its removal. I cannot think that all who refuse even to *ask* for its extinction are hard hearted and selfish. Let us rather think that "they know not what they do."

December 23, 1840.

For the Monthly Offering.

Progress of True Principles.

BY L. M. CHILD.

Reformers are exceedingly apt to become discouraged, because the truths they so earnestly seek to sustain are not advanced by the same agencies, and in the same way, they had expected. They forget that an impulse once given to any truth, its effects go on widening, like circles in the river; and that the outer circles could not receive even the faint motion they have, without the central agitation. Thus it is with Anti-Slavery. Some are disappointed in their expectations, and find their hopes chilled, because the prejudices of the community are more deeply seated than they imagined, and because the strong co-operative zeal, with which they began the work, has been weakened by sectarian feuds. But let them not be discouraged, though after nine years of strenuous effort, and continual self sacrifice, a very small proportion of the property and standing of the community have come up to help them. Influences are at work where we see them not. Laws and customs are be-

coming in some degree perceptibly mollified; literature is more or less tinged with anti-slavery sentiments; men are every where more uncomfortable in their half disguised efforts to sustain a bad institution. These, and a thousand other remote influences, are provokingly gradual, and will cease altogether if we do not with a mighty effort, keep up the central agitation, from which they derived their existence. But if we do continue our efforts, the next generation will see these influences increasing in ten-fold ratio. Even now, under the change of sentiment we have already effected, young slave-holders cannot, if they try their worst, grow up with such sentiments as characterize their fathers. Freedom is in the air, and they breathe it when they know it not.

These remarks were suggested by an occurrence in one of the western towns of Massachusetts, during the last Spring.

A fugitive slave who had let himself to a farmer, was one day at work in the fields, near the high-way, when his "old boss," (as he called his southern master) suddenly came within sight. With great trepidation he threw down his hoe, and escaped into the woods. Thinking it probable that his master was travelling, and had put up at the hotel for a few days, he concluded it was best for himself, meanwhile, to leave the town. He did so; but after eight or ten days returned and resumed his service with the farmer. A week or two passed without bringing any fresh cause of alarm, and he became unguarded. Turning a corner of a road rather suddenly, one day, he almost ran over a gentleman and lady, who proved to be his *young* master, with his wife leaning on his arm. They recognized each other at once; and the Southerner extending his hand, said, very cordially, "Ah, Jack, is this you? I am glad to see you." The slave, though really glad to see the young man looking well and happy, was somewhat choked for utterance. But looking round and seeing that they were alone, he formed the rapid conclusion that he could certainly clear himself, if any attempt were made to seize him. So he shook hands and inquired after

the health of the family. "We are all well," replied the young man, "and how are *you* doing? Do you get constant employment and good wages?" "Yes, master, I am doing very well indeed." "I am glad to hear it, Jack. Stay where you are, and do the best you can. Keep out of your *old* master's sight, and *we* will keep your secret; never fear. But you had better go away till the middle of next week, for we shall be in the neighborhood till then. Here is a little keepsake to remember us by. Mind and keep out of your *old* master's sight; for father is trying hard to find you out. Good bye. God bless you, Jack." "God bless you, master."

The young gentleman gave him a new silk handkerchief, and the lady a silver coin, which the grateful slave holds as sacred as did the ancients their household gods. He stood looking after them for a few moments with tearful eyes, and then turned to hide himself from his *old* master

---

A Conversation.

"Have you seen John C. Gore's deed?" said a smooth looking gentleman to an elderly looking one, after they had comfortably seated themselves in an omnibus. "O yes," said he, and then followed some account of Mr. Gore's peculiarities, and some remarks on the dimunition of the slave population, as it appears by the last census. Then Doct. Channing's last work, "Emancipation," was talked of, then the abolitionists. "I do not think this is the time for agitating that subject," said the smooth looking gentleman. The old gentleman, whose head was white with age, and whose dress and conversation bespoke him a clergyman, answered him thus: "I remember an old saying," said he, "when you don't know what to do, don't do you know not what."

Art thou a master in Israel? thought I, and know not the remedy for slavery?

Said the first mentioned gentleman, "the abolitionists exaggerate so much—they tell such horrible cruel stories, that you don't know when to believe them." The old man, who seemed to be ready to attach a tale to every remark that was made, told an instance of a Methodist clergyman, who was the owner of slaves at the South, and who treated them kindly. Only think, a professed minister holding slaves and treating them kindly! And this told to deride abolitionists who maintain that the cruelty lies in slavery, not in the appendages or the treatment.

Things seemed to be going on smoothly, and two other passengers had acquiesced in the conclusion, that the two worthies had come to, namely, that slavery was not so bad after all, &c. When the elderly gentleman proceeded to state a clincher, as he evidently thought it. He said an abolitionist, who was conversing with a passenger on board of a steamboat about slavery, was proceeding to remonstrate against the enormities of slavery, when a very fine, intelligent looking lady, who was sitting by, spoke out and said, "why, sir, you thing that slavery is very bad; but I can tell you, sir, that my husband has one thousand slave communicants in his charch." The company appeared to regard this as a knock down rejoinder. I could restrain myself no longer, but, looking at the elderly gentleman, said, may I ask you a question, sir? "Cortainly," said he, "What kind of treatment is it to make chattels and merchandize of one thousand members of the church?" "O, that," said he, "is another question." I replied, I knew it; but it was a knock down question to his apology for the system of slavery. * *

Extract from "The Hour and the Man."

Free.

Day after day passed on, and the prisoner found no change in his condition—as far, at least, as it depended on

his jailers. He was more ill as he became enveloped in the damps of the spring, and he grew more and more sensible of the comfort of being alone. Death by violence, however, did not come.

He did not give over his concern for Mars Plaisir, because he was glad of his absence. He inquired occasionally for the commandant, hoping that, if he could see Rubaut, he might learn whether his servant was still a prisoner, and whether his release from this cell had been for freedom, or for a worse lot than he had left behind. There was no learning from Bellines, however, whether the commandant had returned to the fortress, or who was lieutenant if he had not. In the middle of April, the doubt was settled by the appearance of Rubaut himself in the cell. He was civil—unusually so—but declared himself unable to give any information about Mars Plairsir. He had nothing more to do with his prisoners when they were once taken out of his charge. He had always business enough upon his hands to prevent his occupying himself with things and people that were gone by. He had delivered Mars Plaisir into proper care, and that was the last he knew of him. The man was well at that time—as well as usual, and pleased enough to be in the open air again. Rubaut could remember no more concerning him; in fact, had not thought of him again, from that day to the present.

"And this is the kind of answer that you would give concerning me, if my sons should arrive hither in search of me some days after my grave had been closed?"

"Come, come! no foreboding!" said Rubaut, "Foreboding is bad."

"If my sons should present themselves—" proceeded Toussiant.

"They will not come here—they cannot come here," interrupted Rubaut. "No one knows that you are here but some three or four who will never tell."

"How!" thought Toussaint; "have they secured Mars Plaisir, that he shall never tell?" For the poor man's sake, however, he would not ask this aloud.

Rubaut continued: "The reason why we cannot have

the pleasure of giving you the range of the fortress is, that the First Consul thinks it necessary to keep secret the place of your abode—for the good of the colony, as he says. With one of our own countrymen this seclusion might not be necessary, as the good people of the village could hardly distinguish features from the distance at which they are; and they have no telescopes—no idea of playing the spy upon us, as we can upon them. They cannot distinguish features so high up—"

"But they could complexion."

"Exactly so: and it might get abroad that some one of your color was here."

"And if it should get abroad, and some one of my sons or my wife should come, your answer would be that you remember nothing. That you cannot charge your memory with persons and things that are gone by—that you have had prisoners of all complexions—that some have lived and some have died—and that you have something else to do than to remember what became of each. I hope, however, and (as it would be for the advantage of the First Consul) I believe, that you would have the complaisance to show them my grave."

"Come, come! no foreboding! Forboding is bad," repeated Rubaut.

Toussaint smiled and said,

"What other employment do you afford me than that of looking into the past and future, in order to avoid the present? If, turning from the sickening view which the past presents of the treachery of your race to mine, of the abuse of my brotherly trust in him by which your ruler has afflicted our hearts—if, turning from this mournful past, I look the other way, what do I see before me but the open grave?"

"You are out of spirits," said Rubaut, building up the fire. "You wear well, however. You must have been very strong in your best days. You wear extremely well."

"I still live; and that I do so is because the sun of my own climate, and the strength of soul of my best days,

shine and glow through me now, quenching in part even these damps. But I am old, and every day heaps years on me. However, I am as willing as you that my looking forward should be for others than myself. I might be able to forbode for France and for its ruler."

Rubaut folded his arms, and leaned, as if anxious to listen, against the wall beside the fire; but it was so wet that he quickly shifted his position—still, however, keeping his eyes fixed on his prisoner.

"And what would you forbode for France and for her ruler?" he asked.

"That my country will never again be hers. Her retribution is as sure as her tyranny has been great. She may send out fleet after fleet, each bearing an army; but the spirit of freedom will be too strong for them all. Their bodies will poison the air and choke the sea, and the names of their commanders, will, one after another, sink in disgrace before they will again make slaves of my people in St. Domingo. How stands the name of Leclerc at this moment in France?"

"Leclerc is dead," said Rubaut; repenting, the next moment that he had said so much. Toussaint saw this by his countenance, and inquired no farther.

"He is dead! and twenty thousand Frenchmen with him, who might at this hour have been enjoying at home the natural wealth of my country, the fruits of our industry. The time was when I thought you ruler and I—the ruler, in alliance with him, of my race in St. Domingo—were brothers in soul, as we were apparently in duty and in fortune. Brothers in soul we were not, as it has been the heaviest grief of my life to learn. I spurn brotherhood of soul with one whose ambition has been for himself. Brothers in duty we were; and, if we should yet be brothers in fortune—if he should fall into the hands of a strong foe—But you are saying in your heart, 'No foreboding! Foreboding is bad.'"

Rubaut smiled, and said foreboding was only bad for the spirits; the First Consul's spirits were not likely to be af-

ed by anything that could be said at Joux. To pre-
bad fortune to him was like looking for the sun to be put
at noonday; it might pass the time, but would not dim
sun.

So was it said of me," replied the prisoner; "and with
more reason, because I made no enemies. My ene-
s have not been of my own making. Your ruler is mak-
enemies on every hand: and alas! for him, if he lives
neet the hour of retribution! If he, like myself, should
into the power of a strong foe—if he should pass his
aining days imprisoned on a rock, may he find more
ce than I should dare look for if I had his soul!"

'There is not a braver man in Europe, or the Indies
ier, than the First Consul."

'Brave towards foes without, and sufferings to come.
t bravery gives no help against enemies harbored with-
and evils fixed in the past. What will his bravery
il against the images of France corrupted, of Europe
raged, of the blacks betrayed and oppressed—of the
like power which was put into his hands, abused to the
rposes of the devil!"

'But perhaps he would not view his affairs as you do?"

'Then would his bravery avail him no better. If he
uld be so blind as to see nothing higher and better than
own acts, then will he see no higher nor better hope
n he has lost. Then will he suffer and die under the
w torments of personal mortification and regrets."

'You say you are sinking under your reverses. You
you are slowly dying."

'I am. I shall die of the sickening and pining of
se and limb—of the wasting of bone and muscle. Day
day is my eye more dim and my right arm more feeble.
t I have never complained of evils that the bravery you
ak of would not meet. Have I ever said that you have
ched my soul?"

Rubaut saw the fire in his eye, glanced at his emacia-
d hand, and felt that this was true. He could bear the
nversation no longer, now that no disclosures that could
rve the First Consul seemed likely to be made.

"You are going?" said Toussaint.

"Yes, I looked in to-day, because I am about to leave the fortress for a few days."

"If you see the First Consul, tell him what I have now said; and add that if, like him, I had used my power for myself, he would have had a power over me which he has not now. I should not then have been here—(nay, you must hear me)—I should not then have been here, crushed beneath his hand; I should have been on the throne of St. Domingo—flattered, as he is, by assurances of my glory and security, but crushed by a heavier weight than that of his hand—by his image, as that of one betrayed in my infidelity to his country and nation. Tell him this; tell him that I perish willingly, if this consequence of my fidelity to France may be a plea for justice to my race."

"How people have misrepresented you to me!" said Rubaut, bustling about the cell, and opening the door, to call Bellines. "They told me you were very silent—rarely spoke."

"That was true when my duty was to think," said Toussaint. "To-day my duty has been to speak. Remember that yours in fidelity to your ruler, is to repeat to him what I say."

"More wood, Bellines," said Rubaut, going to the door to give further direction in a low voice. Returning, he said, with some hurry of manner, that, as he was to be absent for two or three days, he had sent for such a supply of wood and flambaux as might last some time. More books should also be brought.

"When shall we meet again?" asked Toussaint.

"I don't know. Indeed I do not know," said the commandant, looking at his watch by the firelight. His prisoner saw that his hands trembled, and that he walked with some irresolution to the door.

"Au revior!" said Toussaint.

Rubaut did not reply, but went out, leaving the door standing wide, and apparenttly no one to gard it.

Toussaint's heart beat at the thought that this might give him one more opportunity of being abroad in the daylight—

perhaps in the sun ? He rose to make the attempt; but he was exhausted by the conversation he had held—the first for so long! His aching limbs failed him, and he sank down on his bed, from which he did not rise till long after Bellines had laid down his load and left the place.

The prisoner rose at length, to walk, as he did many times in the day, from corner to corner of his cell. At the first turn, by the door, he struck his foot against something, which he upset. It was a pitcher of water, which, with a loaf of bread, had been put in that unusual place. The sight was as distinct in the signification as a yawning grave. His door was to open upon him no more. He was not again to see a human face. The commandant was to be absent a while, and, on returning to find his prisoner dead.

He used all means that he could devise to ascertain whether it were indeed so. He called Bellines from the door in the way which Billines had never failed to reply to since the departure of Mars Plaisir. Bellines did not come. He sang aloud, as he had never before been allowed to sing, unchecked, since he entered the fortress. He now sang unchecked. The hour of the afternoon meal passed, and no one came. The evening closed, and no bolt had been drawn. The case was clear.

The prisoner now and then felt a moment's surprise at experiencing so little recoil from such a fate. He was scarcely conscious even of repugnance. His tranqtility was doubtless owing, in part, to his having long contemplated death in this place as certain; to life having now little left to make its countenance desirable; and to hisknowing himself to be so reduced that the struggle could not be very long. But he himself believed his composure to be owing to another cause than any of these.

"He who appointed me to the work of such a life as mine," thought the dying man, "is making its close easy to his servant. I would willingly have suffered to the extremity of his will: but my work is done; men's eyes are no lunger upon me; I am alone with him; and He is pleased to let me enter already upon my everlasting peace. If-

Father Laxabon were here, would he now say, as he has often said, and as most men say, that looking back upon life from its close, it appears short as the time of the early rains? Instead of this, how long appear the sixty years that I have lived! How long, how weary now seems the life when I was a slave—though much was done and it was the schooling of my soul for the work preparing for my hand! My Margot! my children! how quiety did we then live, as if no change were ever to come, and we were to sit before our door at Breda every evening :ill death should remove us one by one! While I was composing my soul to patience by thought and by reading, how little did I dream that I was so becoming prepared to free my race—to reign, and then to die of cold and hunger, such as the meanest slave never knows! Then the next eight years of toil—they seem longer than all that went before. Doubtless they were lengthened to me, to make my weak powers equal to the greatness of my task; for every day of conducting war and making laws appeared to me stretched out into a year. These late seasons of reverse have passed over more rapidly, for their suffering has been less. While all, even to Henri, have pitied me during these latter years, they knew not that I was recovering the peace which I shall now no more lose. It is true that I erred, according to the common estimate of affairs, in not making myself a king, and separating my country from France, as France herself is compelling her to separate at last. It is true I might now have been reigning there instead of dying here; and, what is worthy of meditation, my people might now have been laying aside their arms, and beginning a long career of peace. It might possiby have been so—but at what cost! Their career of freedom (if freedom it could then have been called) would have begun in treason and in murder, and the stain would have polluted my race forever. Now they will have freedom still; they cannot but have it, though it is delayed.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

FEBRUARY 1841.

Sectarianism.

I attended, last summer, what is technically called "A Union Convention," a meeting of all religious sects, being thereby indicated, for the purpose of finding a common ground on which they might all unite. In seeking to find this ground, a great number gave their definition of Sectarism. For my own part, I did not receive any that was given as the true one. *My* definition of Sectarism is this; *the sentiment that induces a man to postpone the interests of acknowledged truth to the support of any religious party, or the promotion of any religious creed.* When Mr. Kirk, in the New School General Assembly, moved the indefinite postponement of the Slavery question, he preferred what he deemed the interest of that party to those of truth and justice. All who voted with him, who had ever acknowledged the justice of Anti-Slavery principles, did the same. When in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the testimony of colored against white men, was declared inadmissive, every professed Abolitionist who contributed to produce that result, knowingly and deliberately trampled on Humanity, that thereby the imagined good of the Methodist Church might be promoted. It was this sentiment that created, and as far as it has any active life, that now supports New Organization, and it is this sentiment, latent in the bosom of many Abolitionists, and almost unknown to themselves, that at present greatly impedes the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. Indeed, it is *the* one thing which will prevent the peacable abolition

up the influence of the Unitarian agent, Mr. so and so, in opposition to the wishes of Rev. Dr. so and so. The following train of reasoning is a specious one, and well calculated to produce an effect on a conscientious but uneducated mind.

"Do you not perceive that if you will persist in holding up your minister to public view, as a friend of oppression, an opposer of common humanity, and a contemner of the plainest command of the Scriptures, you are injuring his influence in other respects; you are destroying his ability to save souls, and giving the opposers of his religious faith ground upon which to make a false issue? Are you not aware that in upholding certain agents whose religious opinions are unsound, you are aiding to commend those opinions to the adoption of the world around. Your coolly expressed declaration that his religious views are wrong, will not counterballance the fact that you freely give him your personal confidence and friendship, and laud to the skies his heroism, disinterestedness and zeal, in behalf of suffering humanity."

In the above is involved the substance of the argument by which Sectarism, in a thousand instances, withdraws to its support the aid once given to the cause of acknowledged truth. How quickly would an enlightened conscience reply, "*Ought* not the influence of a pro-slavery minister to be done away? If he be a contemner of the commands of Scripture, and a friend of oppression, what kind of influence will he exert over the souls he attempts to save. To save a soul, is to deliver it from the power of sin—but what greater evidence can be given of its thraldom *to* sin than its sympathy with American Slave-holding. A Christianity that sanctions it has brought the American church to her present perilous position, and the attempt to further sustain such a christianity can only ensure its ruin. As to the doctrines this pro-slavery minister holds, they are mine, and, thank God, their purity remains in my eyes undimmed, though they have not produced in his life their legitimate result. As to the doctrines of

my heretical fellow laborers, others must do as I have done; submit them to the test of reason and scripture, and judge of them for themselves. If in respect to *all* his opinions, a man has never done this, it is comparatively little consequence what he accepts or what he rejects."

But the man to whom considerations like these do not present themselves, shows conclusively that ignorance and bigotry have fitted him to be the tool with which the more enlightened, and therefore more culpable worshiper of sect, accomplishes his work. He is an example of the other class of sectaries, that class, who are, in fact, the dupes of the first. The withering influence of these two classes is the most formidable obstacle with which we have now to contend. The cause has advanced to that point where we must meet and overcome this insidious enemy, or fall before it. Not that it is part or parcel of Anti-Slavery labor to attack Sectarism, but when we find it directly impeding our way, it becomes our duty to lend all our energies to its removal. Nothing can excuse us from this, unless we are ready to admit that the Anti-Slavery enterprise is based on other than the divine foundation of Truth. If it be indeed so based, we are bound to carry it steadily forward, in meekness and firmness, seeking to remove every obstacle that opposes us, whether that obstacle present itself in the shape of our pecuniary interest, our polittcal party, or even our pro-slavery church and minister. It is hardly worth while to waste much metaphysical acumen in seeking to show how far a good man may oppose the Anti-Slavery cause, and yet retain his goodness, or how much piety is consistent with sympathy with oppression. We cannot estimate the exact amount of sin committed by the abettor of American Slavery, and it is not, therefore, worth our while to consume much time in attempting it; but we *do* know that abettor to be a most unfit expounder of the Gospel, and consequently that it is our duty to refuse to support him as such. Much is said and much written as the baneful influence a sectarian spirit exerts. Would we only follow the strait way, not stopping to ask whether that

fidelity would injure the sect to which we belong, the workings of this spirit would no more appear among us. But now it is too evident that few dare leave their religious sect to a collision with Truth. They either lower the Truth, or put light for darkness, in a vain attempt to prove a pro-slavery church and ministry an Anti-Slavery one. The fallacy of such attempts must be pointed out by the faithful, and then comes American Union, Clerical Appeals, New Organizations, Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies, and third parties, the latter designed to draw the fire of Abolitionists from the Church to the State.

Abolitionists have long professed to derive the encouragement from the fact that *the Truth was mighty.* It is so, indeed! Let them not tremble when their own sect, or their own church bears witness to the assertion. Unless Abolitionists become their own betrayers, every sect and church in the land must do so by hearfelt repentance or utter destruction.

The Fugitive from Injustice.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A few years ago, I made a visit to a Quaker family in the State of New York. The autumn was unusually bright and bland, and my November rambles in the woods were cheered with mellow sunsets and a balmy air. Returning from such a ramble, at dusky twilight, with a basket full of gleanings under the walnut tree, I found our evening repast spread in the hospitable kitchen. I needed not the straight coat, or the lawn kerchief, folded across the bosom with such neat exactness, to remind me that I was among the Society of Friends; for on the outer platform I had seen, with a loving smile, a clean little wooden trough, where seven cats were eating their ample supper,

fearless and frolicsome, because none could be found willing to kill them, or to disturb their joyful existence; and I needed no further proof of the presence of a sect, which, above all other forms of the Christian church, inculcates tenderness of heart. The daughter of the family, a gentlemwoman by nature and by grace, received me with her usual greeting of quiet sunshine, and said, "I was coming to look for thee, Maria; for father has brought letters for thee from the Post-Office." The letters were from Anti-Slavery friends in Boston, and after supper were read aloud for the benefit of all assembled round the supper table. However ultra might be their contents, they could excite no opposition here; for this family were among the very few of the Society of Friends, who had not departed one whit from the purity of their early testimony, concerning the equality and brotherhood of man. The brown boy, who had come in from the farm-work, and supped at the left hand of his employer, with a darker-visaged man, on his way from Southern cane fields to Canadian snows, smiled with intelligent satisfaction, as I read; for colored people are as naturally anti-slavery, as hens are anti-hawk.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door behind me, timid and hesitating. The Quaker girl and I exchanged significant glances, as I said, "That is a slave." When gently bid to walk in, a dark face and hand appeared at the upper half of the Dutch door, a letter was dropped, and the door closed again. The letter, addressed to my host, was brief and expressive.

"Friend J.—No man should be called a Christian, of whom it can be said, 'I was a stranger and ye took me not in.'

The meaning was instantly comprehended. Twenty pages could not have made it more clear. The bearer was welcomed with words of friendly sympathy, and soon seated beside us at the evening meal.

The next day, in answer to my inquiries, he told his story; which, as nearly as I can remember it, was as follows:

"I was born of free parents, in Charleston, S. C. When I was sixteen or seventeen years old, Doctor McDonald wanted to hire me of my father. He was going to New Orleans, for a few months, and wanted to take a servant with him. My father had several children, and he thought it would be a good chance to let me; so I went with the Doctor. When I had lived with him a few months, and was beginning to think it almost time for him to carry me back to Carolina, according to his promise, he said to me, one day, "Stephen, I am obliged to go to Kentucky, on business; but I shall not be gone long. It will be rather expensive to take you with me in stages and steam-boats, and therefore I wish to have you stay with a friend of mine in this city, till I return."

I readily agreed to this proposition; and a few days after, he left me at the house of his friend. I had no particular reason to complain of my treatment in this family, until one day, being sent of an errand, I stopped on my way home, just to give one kick to a foot-ball, which bounded by me, thrown by some boy at play. The gentleman saw me, and ordered me to be flogged for it. I had never been flogged before, and it made me very angry. I told him I should like to have my wages paid, for I was going to look out another place; and that when Doctor McDonald came back, I should tell him I did not like to work in any place where I was flogged; for I was'nt used to it. "What have you to do with Doctor McDonald?" said he, "you are my slave!" "I am not any body's slave," said I, "I was born of free parents, and have always been free." "I cannot help that," he replied, "I bought you of Doctor McDonald, and paid him in cash."

I could not sleep that night, for the bitterness of my thoughts. I could not help crying, when I thought of my father and mother, and brothers and sisters. My first impulse was to run away. But where could I go? I dared not go home; for the laws of Carolina forbade a free colored person, who had once left the State, ever to return, un-

less at the especial request of the gentleman who employed him. I knew that Slavery awaited me there, if I returned without Doctor McDonald; so I waited week after week in hopes he would come back, and that I could persuade him to do justice. But I know not whether he remained in Kentucky, or returned to South Carolina, I never saw him again.

Weary of waiting for him, I laid plans to escape. I was assisted by a slave, who lived in the same family; and I promised him if I was successful, I certainly would put him in a way to escape also. It so happened that I reached Ohio with very little difficulty; and I might have done well there, had not my mind been uneasy about the promise I had made to my good friend left in slavery. I resolved to get a place as steward of a steam-boat going to New Orleans, and to make use of the facilities which such a situation afforded. I went back to the scene of my bondage and my sufferings. I found means to communicate with my friend, and succeeded in getting him on board, into an empty barrel, in which I had made some air-holes.

Fifteen minutes before the boat started, an officer came on board, and demanded search for a runaway. My friend they did not find. He went off in the barrel, and I know not what became of him. But in searching for him, the officer recognized me. I was carried back to my master, who handed me to the overseer for a severe flogging. I was transferred from the house to the field, where I was kept at hard labor, with a chain on my feet and wrist to which was fastened a very heavy iron ball. I dragged this about for three weary months; and the day after they took it off, I ran away again. This time I escaped easily by reason of the excess of my boldness. Seeing no one within sight, one day, I walked off towards the city. As I betrayed no signs of haste, nobody questioned me. I went straight to the wharves, and offered myself as a steward of a vessel. I found a captain who wanted a steward; and either through forgetfulness, or from secret friendliness to the colored people, he made no inquiries for free papers.

Luckily for me the vessel sailed soon, and carried me to England. I then resolved never to see the United States again; but England is full of sailors, and I found it difficult to get employ. The captain who carried me out was to make his next voyage to New York. When he offered to hire me again, I at first refused; for I was afraid to go near America. But then I remembered having heard that New York was one of the Free States, and as the captain had been kind to me, I concluded to accept his offer.

Though my New Orleans master had found it so hard to give up a bargain, which made a poor, free boy his slave, he was a very wealthy man. I knew that he had a great sugar-house in New York, as well as in New Orleans; but I thought to myself that in a *Free* State they could not claim me for a slave, and that I might snap my fingers at them. I found myself mistaken. Three days after I arrived, I was walking in the streets of New York, when, who should I meet, face to face, but the very overseer, who flogged me at New Orleans! He clapped his hand on my shoulder, and exclaimed, "Stephen! How came you here?"

I felt as if I should sink into the earth.

Seeing my alarm, he added in a friendly tone, "Don't be frightened, Stephen. I've done being an overseer. I've had enough of slavery. I'll be your friend. Get out of the city as quick as possible. Don't you know your master's partner lives here? He is looking out for you. It was only yesterday that he asked me if I could help him to find your track."

"But can they take me in a Free State?" said I.

"To be sure they can, if they prove you to be a runaway," he replied; "but come with me, and don't be afraid; for I won't betray you. I'll take you to a man, who will advise you what to do."

I felt half afraid to trust him; but when I found they could seize me in a Free State, I was bewildered, and I did not know whom I *could* trust. So I followed him and he

guided me to a good man, who gave me a letter to his friend here."

By the aid of intelligent friends, Stephen might doubtless have obtained from South Carolina, evidence sufficient to establish his legal claim to himself; but Southern laws rendered it highly dangerous for him to return to his family; and the outrages he had suffered induced such a state of nervous fear, that he preferred quitting the United States altogether.

I wrote a letter of introduction for him to James Cropper, the wealthy Quaker merchant of Liverpool, and he was put on board an English vessel. I never heard whether he arrived or not.

That he carried a letter to a Quaker was enough to satisfy Stephen's mind. Though most of the Society of Friends are now lying buried in dead forms, more careful about buttons than principles, yet for the brightness of their *early* testimony, which still lingers around them with a sort of farewell glory, they well deserve their enviable preeminence of being trusted above all others by the miserable and the oppressed.

From the Hour and the Man.

Free.

CONCLUDED.

And upon this freedom will rest the blessing of Heaven. We have not faught for dominion nor for plunder; nor, as far as I could govern the passions of men, for revenge. We began our career of freedom in fidelity, in obedience, and in reverence towards the whites; and therefore may we take to ourselves the blessing of Him who made us to be free, and demands that we be so with clean hands and a pure heart. Therefore will the freedom of St. Domingo be but a beginning of a freedom to the negro race. There-

fore may we hope that in this race will the spirit of Chr tianity appear more fully than it has yet shown its among the proud whites; show itself in its gentleness, fidelity, its disinterestedness, and its simple trust. T proud whites may scorn this hope, and point to the ign ance and the passions of my people, and say, "Is this yc exhibition of the spirit of the Gospel?" But not for t will we give up our hope. This ignorance, these passio are natural to all men, and are in us aggravated and p tracted by our slavery. Remove them by the discipl and the stimulous of freedom, begun in obedience to C and fidelity to men, and there remain the love that emb ces all; the meek faith that can bear to be betrayed, is ashamed to doubt; the generosity that can forgive off ces seventy-and-seven times renewed; the simple, op joyous spirit, which marks such as are of the kingdom Heaven. Lord! I thank thee that thou hast made me servant of this race!"

Never, during the years of his loneliness or the day his grandeur, had Toussaint, spent a brighter hour t now, while the spirit of prophecy (twin-angel with dea visited him, and showed him the realms of mind wh were opening before his race—that countless host wh van he had himself led to the confines. This spirit wh pered something of the immortality of his own name, l den, lost as he was in his last hours.

"Be it so!" thought he, "If my name can excite any devotedness, or give to any the pleasure of being grate If my name live, the goodness of those who name it will its life; for my true self will not be in it. No one v more know the real Toussaint. The weakness that v in me when I felt most strong, the reluctance when I peared most ready, the acts of sin from which I was sav by accident alone, the divine constraint of circumstance which my best deeds were owing—these things are tween me and my God. If my name and my life are be of use, I thank God that they exist; but this outwa existence of them is nothing between him and me.

me henceforth they no more belong than the name of Epaminondas or the life of Tell. Man stands naked on the brink of the grave, his name stripped from him, and his deeds laid down as the property of the society he leaves behind. Let the name and deeds I now leave behind be a pride to generations yet to come—a more innocent pride than they have sometimes, alas! been to me. I have done with them."

Toussaint had often known what hunger was: in the Morens he had endured it almost to extremity. He now expected to suffer less from it than then, from being able to yield to the faintness and drowsiness which had then to be resisted. From time to time during his meditations, he felt its sensations visiting him, and felt them without fear or regret. He had eaten his loaf when first hungry, and had watched through the first night, hoping to sleep his long sleep the sooner when his fire should at length be burned out. During the day, some faint sound reached him from the valley—some tokens of the existence of men. During the last two nights of his life, his ear was kept awake only by the dropping of water—the old familiar sound—and the occasional stir of the brands upon the hearth. About midnignt of the second night he found he could sit up no longer. With trembling hands he laid on such pieces of wood as he could lift, lighted another flambeau, and lay down on his straw. He raised himself but once—hastily and dizzily in the dawn (dawn to him, but sunrise abroad.) His ear had been reached by the song of the young goatherds as they led their flocks abroad into another valley. The prisoner had dreamed that it was his boy Denis, singing in the piazza at Pongaudin. As his dim eye recognized the place by the flicker of the expiring flambeau, he smiled at his delusion, and sank back to sleep again.

The commandant was absent three days. On his return

For whom that hour comes not with sure advance.
The beautiful, the gifted, and the great
Alike the gathering of its gloom await.

And when the hour of trouble comes to *thee*,
What vowed deliverer to thy aid shall rise ?
Wealth, Genius, Power and Earthly Dignity
Shall seem but mockeries to thy tearful eye.
Earth's firmest staff shall prove a trembling reed
That breaks and fails thee in thy hour of need.

But dost thou say, " a surer stay is mine,
The hope dependant on no earthly power,
The brightness of whose ray shall ever shine,
And deeper burn as darker grows the hour ?"
Is this the thought that calms thy anxious heart,
And says to each foreboding fear, depart ?

Know that unless the suffering and the poor
Have in thy sympathy and prayer a place,
The Hope that to thy soul doth seem so sure
Shall melt like wax before the sun's bright face.
The summer threshing floor's light chaff shall seem
More stable than thy idly cherished dream.

And who within thy country's ample bound
Is poorer than the robbed and trampled slave ?
Whose grief within her borders can be found
That more thy sympathy and help should crave ?
This is his hour of uttermost despair,
And therefore that when thou shoulds't do and dare.

And if with heart sincere and purpose pure
Thy hand is nerved to *labor* for the slave,
To watch and pray, and in his cause endure,
And firm the outrage of his foes to brave,
Oh, fear not, doubt not, in thy trial hour
God has made promise of his aid and power.

A. W. W.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

DEAR READERS:—By the blessing of the great Disposer of human affairs, I have been permitted, after an absence of ten months in Great Britain, to return with renewed health, to unite my feeble efforts with the great army of abolitionists in the free states, to battle against slavery, until every bondman which now pines in our land shall be made free.

I regret that the "Offering" was suspended without any previous intimation. This, however, was brought about by circumstances over which I had no control. I did not expect, when I left, to be absent more than three or four months, and for this period, Mrs. Maria W. Chapman kindly offered to furnish the printers with matter, and it would have appeared regularly until the present time had she not been forced, on account of the ill-health of her husband, to take refuge in a warmer climate.

Hereafter the "Offering" will regularly make its appearance every month. Many of the first anti-slavery writers have pledged to contribute to its pages. No pains will be spared to make it both useful and interesting.

I have been much gratified to learn that it has been read with great interest. Those of our friends who think it adapted to promote the cause of suffering humanity, will please aid in its circulation. It only needs but a little of their co-operation to give it an extensive circulation, which

on account of its cheapness must be very great to cover its expenses. It is by far the cheapest work for the size, published in the United States. J. A. COLLINS.

☞ See terms on the Second page of the cover.

Anti-Slavery Fair.

We have inserted on the third page of the cover, the appeal to the women of Massachusetts, from the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, in relation to the *Fair*, to be held in Boston, about the close of the present year.

Sewing circles should be established immediately in every town and parish in the state. If there are not enough, however, to constitute a circle, let there be no delay on the part of individuals to commence the work. These little sewing assemblies are not only useful in promoting the interest of the Fair, but the information that may be obtained by the reading of some member of the circle, and conversation, will tend greatly to interest and encourage each other on this question.

In 1838 the Boston F. A. S. Society realized 700 dollars from the Fair, in 1839, 1500 dollars, and in 1840 it obtained 2000 dollars. The women of England, Ireland, and Scotland are already at work for this Fair. How much are you willing to do? What is done must be done quickly.

EDWARD EVERETT. It appears that this gentleman's nomination by President Tyler, as minister to the court of

St. James, has not been confirmed by the Senate. Objections, were made, 'tis said, on the ground of his abolitionism. It will be remembered that Mr. Everett, in 1839, previous to the gubernatorial election acknowledged himself in a letter to N. B. Borden, now a member of Congress, a genuine abolitionist in principle. We are glad to see the South now openly manifesting that hostile spirit to northern men and to northern interests which it has hitherto been able to effect without exhibiting the spirit which governed their movements. Our northern doughfaces will soon learn to their sorrow, that slavery has something to do with the North, if the North has nothing to do with slavery.

Keep up the Excitement.

During the past year not far from 60,000 human beings, in this boasted land of liberty and christianity, have died in their chains. These welcomed death as their greatest benefactor. Yes, grim visaged death did for them what christians and republicans would not. Two and a half millions, have at this moment their eyes turned to the north, and are watching with anxious solicitude for the dawnings of that day when liberty shall be proclaimed to all. Said Mr. Douglass, the fugitive slave, the other evening, as he was addressing a large audience in Concord, "The slaves know there is a movement going on at the north for their redemption. This inspires them with hope. They are waiting patiently for the developement of this movement. They do not know precisely its character, yet they feel that it is to give them the *liberty* which they know is their due, and for which their souls pant." "Take away this

hope," continued this eloquent representative of the chattel system, "convince them there is nothing doing among you to effect their freedom—convince them that there is no power without to effect their peaceful emancipation, and my word for it, plans will be instantly matured to bring about their freedom by those very hands which have cultivated and beautified the South. They will, to a man, stand forth in their own defence, and if need be, to secure their liberty, they will create a sea of blood. If you wish to put a weapon into the hands of the slave,—if you wish to goad him to use it, in a state of desperation, drop the anti-slavery question—cease to agitate, and then the hand of the slave, Ishmael-like, will be against every slave-holder. Every petition you send to Congress, while it makes the slave-holder roar with rage, it at the same time lights up a feeling of hope in the bondman's bosom, and assures him that the day of his redemption draws nigh."

They are Happy

The chapter from the "*Memoirs of a Slave, or Archy Moore*," is here inserted that the reader may perceive that the slaves are subjected not only to great bodily privations, but to constant and excessive mental sufferings. This is one of the most interesting anti-slavery books which has been published. It should be in the possession of every one. It is published in two volumes, and can be had at the Depository, 25 Cornhill, for 50 cents.

I have before observed that Sunday is the slave's holiday. Where intermarriages are allowed between the slaves of different plantations, this is generally the only

occasion on which the scattered branches of the same family are indulged with an opportunity of visiting each other. Many planters, who pride themselves upon the excellence of their discipline, forbid these intermarriages altogether; and if they happen to have a superabundance of men-servants, they prefer that one woman should have half a dozen husbands rather than suffer their slaves to be corrupted by gadding about among other people's plantations.

Other managers, just as good disciplinarians, and a little more shrewd than their neighbors, forbid the men only to marry away from home. They are very willing to let the women get husbands where they can. They reason in this way. When a husband goes to see his wife, who lives upon another plantation, he will not be apt to go empty-handed. He will carry something with him, probably something eatable, plundered from his master's fields, that may serve to make him welcome, and render his coming a sort of festival. Now every thing that is brought upon a plantation in this way, is so much clear gain; and so far as it goes, it amounts to feeding one's people at the expense of one's neighbors!

Sunday, as I have said, is the day upon which are paid the matrimonial visits of the slave. But Sunday was no holiday to me; for I was generally obliged, on that day, to attend my master upon his ecclesiastical excursions. To make up for this, Mr. Carleton allowed me Thursday afternoons, so that I was able to visit Cassy at least once a week.

The year that followed, was the happiest of my life; and with all the inevitable mortifications and miseries, which slavery, even under its least repulsive form, ever carries with it, I still look back to that year with pleasure, —a pleasure that yet has power to warm a heart, saddened and embittered by a thousand painful recollections.

Before the end of the year, Cassy made me a father. The infant boy had all his mother's beauty; and only he who is a father, and as fond a husband too as I was, can know the feelings with which I pressed the little darling to my heart.

No!—no one can know my feelings,—no one, alas, but he, who is, as I was, the father of a slave. The father of a slave! And is it true, then, that this child of my hopes and wishes, this pledge of mutual love, this dear, dear infant of whom I am the father, is it true he is not mine?

Is it not my duty and my right, a right and duty dearer than life, to watch over his helpless infancy, and to rear him with all a father's tenderness and love, to a manhood, that will perhaps repay my care, and in turn, sustain and cherish me, a tottering weak old man?

My duty it may be; but it is not my right. A slave can have no rights. His wife, his child, his toil, his blood, his life, and every thing that gives his life a value, they are not his; he holds them all but at his master's pleasure. He can possess nothing; and if there is any thing he seems to have, it is only by a sufferance which exists but in his owner's will.

This very child, this very tender babe, may be torn from my arms, and sold to-morrow into the hands of a stranger, and I shall have no right to interfere. Or if not so; if some compassion be yielded to his infancy, and if he be not snatched from his father's embraces and his mother's bosom while he is yet all unconscious of his misery, yet what a sad, wretched, desolate fate awaits him! Shut out from every chance or hope of any thing which it is worth one's while to live for:—bred up a slave!

A slave!—That single word, what volumes it does speak! It speaks of chains, of whips and tortures, compulsive labor, hunger and fatigues, and all the miseries our wretched bodies suffer. It speaks of haughty power, and insolent commands; of insatiate avarice; of pampered pride and purse-proud luxury; and of the cold indifference and scornful unconcern with which the oppressor looks down upon his victims. It speaks of crouching fear, and base servility; of low, mean cunning, and treacherous revenge. It speaks of humanity outraged; manhood degraded; the social charities of life, the sacred ties of father, wife and child trampled under foot; of aspirations crushed; of hope

extinguished; and the light of knowledge sacrilegiously put out. It speaks of man deprived of all that makes him amiable or makes him noble; stripped of his soul, and sunk into a beast.

And thou, my child, to this fate thou art born! May Heaven have mercy on thee, for man has none!

The first burst of instinctive and thoughtless pleasure, with which I had looked upon my infant boy, was dissipated forever, the moment I had recovered myself enough to recollect what he was born to. Various and ever changing, but always wretched and distressing were the feelings with which I gazed at him, as he slept upon his mother's bosom, or waking, smiled at her caresses. He was indeed a pretty babe;—a dear, dear child;—and for his mother's sake I loved him, how I loved him! Yet struggle as I might, I could not, for a moment, escape the bitter thought of what his fate must be. Full well I knew that did he live to be a man, he would repay my love, and justly, with curses, curses on the father who had bestowed upon him nothing but a life incumbered and made worse than worthless, by the inheritance of slavery.

I found no longer the same pleasure in Cassy's society, which it used to afford me; or rather the pleasure which I could not but take in it, was intermingled with much new misery. I did not love her less; but the birth of that boy had infused fresh bitterness into the cup of servitude. Whenever I looked upon him, my mind was filled with horrid images. The whole future seemed to come visibly before me. I saw him naked, chained, and bleeding under the lash; I saw him a wretched, trembling creature, cringing to escape it; I saw him utterly debased, and the spirit of manhood extinguished within him; already he appeared that worthless thing,—a slave contented with his fate!

I could not bear it. I started up in a phrensy of passion; I snatched the child from the arms of his mother, and while I loaded him with caresses, I looked about for the means of extinguishing a life, which, as it was an emanation from my existence, seemed destined to be only a prolongation of my misery.

My eyes rolled wildly, I doubt not; and the stern spirit of my determination must have been visibly marked upon my face; for gentle and unsuspicious as she was, and wholly incapable of that wild passion which tore my heart, my wife, with a mother's instinctive watchfulness, seemed to catch some glimpse of my intention. She rose up hastily, and without speaking a word, she caught the baby from my feeble and trembling grasp; and as she pressed it to her bosom, she gave a look that told me all that she feared; and told me too, that the mother's life was bound up in that of the child.

That look subdued me. My arms dropped powerless, and I sunk down in a sort of sullen stupor. I had been prevented from accomplishing my purpose, but I was not satisfied that in foregoing it, I did a father's duty to the child. The more I thought upon it—and it so engrossed me that I could scarcely draw my thoughts away,—the more was I convinced that it were better for the boy to die. And if the deed did peril my own soul, I loved the child so well I did not shrink, even at that!

But then his mother?

I would have reasoned with her; but I knew how vain would be the labor to array a woman's judgment against a mother's feelings; and I felt, that one tear stealing down her cheek, one look of hers, like that she gave me when she snatched the child away, would, even in my own mind, far outbalance the weightiest of my arguments.

The idea of rescuing the boy, by one bold act, from all the bitter miseries that impended over him, had shot upon my mind, like some faint struggling star across the darkness of a midnight storm. But that glimmer of comfort was now extinguished. The child must live. The life I gave him, I must not take away. No! not though every day of it would draw new curses on my devoted head,—and those, too, the curses of my child. This, this, alas! is the barbed arrow that still is sticking in my heart; the fatal, fatal wound, that nought can heal.

Extract.

The following touching story is extracted from a letter from one of our correspondents who spends eight months of the year at the South. The writer is entitled to the highest confidence.

In the course of a two years, residence at the South—many deeply interesting facts in regard to "*slavery as it is*" have come under my observation. While staying a few weeks in the family of a planter—I became familiar with the faces and names of all the domestic servants.—The kind and amiable disposition of the master and mistress rendered their situation as comfortable as that of slaves can ever be. On my return, after an absence of some month, they welcomed me with every expression of joy, as an old friend. I very soon noticed among them, one, whom I had not been accustomed to see; her appearance was so different from the other negroes, as she performed her daily duties, about the kitchen and yard—(seldom being seen in the house) attracted my attention.

Her form was large, tall and athletic, but grief and suffering had traced deeply upon her face the furrows of age, which should still have born the lineaments of youth—I made few inquiries concerning her, but soon had an opportunity of learning, from her own lips, the sad history of her woe.

It was Sabbath afternoon, when looking into the house appropriated to the servants, I found her alone, the others having gone to "preaching"—Her story was told in few and simple words; but her countenance spoke the deep feelings of her soul in language too strong for human utterance,—how then can any idea of it be conveyed to another, by relating the story she told me. "Aunt Phebe," said I, "you were not here when I was here before." "No, bless you, 'said she, "I am a stranger here." "And so am I" I answered. She looked at me with the reply—"But you came because you wanted to" "then" I said "you have not always lived in ———" naming the state we were in. "No bless you that I haven't, I dont belong to this wicked

country—my country is a great way from here."—"And why did your master sell you?" I asked—"Ah," said she, "*my master*, I had no master. They *stole* me away."—I could ask no more, but she went on. "Yes, bless you, I was *free-born* and lived with my mother; but hired myself out by the week to a man by the name of ———. He kept house by himself, and was thought to be a good man, and was a clerk in the Baptist Church. He had told me a great many times, if I would give up my time to him and be a slave, he would take good care of me, and I should be well off—But no! I always said, *that* I would never do. God made me *free* as well as him. I used every Saturday night, to go home, to spend Sunday with my mother. One Monday morning, as I came back as usual to go to my work, and had just got inside the palings, there came three men upon me from the house. One had a club, another a rope, and the other a gun, pointing it at me, and telling me to take the road and that if I refused to do as they told me, they would shoot me down. I was taken and put into a drove with sixty or seventy others, and along with us was a large wagon filled with negro children. These poor creatures were brought from different plantations and different states, by the speculator, for a Southern market." I can no longer give you her words; my feelings were too much agitated to allow me to recollect them,—but the substance of her story is too deeply engraven on my memory ever to be effaced. Having travelled the whole distance of several hundred miles on foot, they were put in the market and every day brought out to be examined and set up for sale. One after another was taken, herself the last. "For" said she, "when I said to every one who came to look at me, I was *free-born*, they were afraid to buy me; then the speculators would get angry with me and threatened to shoot me if I did it again; but it did not stop me, for I knew they wanted the money for me, and they never shall beat it out of me as long as I live." But there was not wanting one who called himself a man; ready to pay twelve hundred dollars for her and take her still further from her home.

e told me much of her treatment by the unfeeling fami- into which she was taken, and recounted, with many rs, the four years until she was purchased by her pres- master, who knew not at the time she was ever free. e did not tell him, probably because she was rejoiced at r change, assured that it could hardly be for the worse. d she was truly much more comfortably situated. But at of that? What is the scourging and lashing of the ly compared with the constant and daily agony of mind endures, as he scontrasts her former condition with her sent, not only to toil on without recompense, but liable ny time to be sold and taken away, she knows not ere.

I am happy to add, that her present situation was comfort- e as it can be while she is held in bondage, her master, ugh nursed in the lap of slavery, and a full believer in *rightfulness*, is a man of kind feelings, and says that edom shall be granted her as soon as he is convinced t her story is true. From subsequent acquaintance I nd her very wretched and sad. Though going through r daily routine of duty with apparent patience,—every h she breathed was for *liberty*, earnestly desiring to re- n once more to her "poor old mother," and her "own untry."

The Gag.

Ho! children of the granite hills,
That bristle with the hackmatack,
And sparkle with the crystal rills
That hurry toward the Merrimack,
Dam up those rills!—for, while they run,
They all rebuke your Atherton. *

* I have no feelings of personal hostility towards the Hon. arles G. Atherton. But if, by stifling the prayers of more an one million of his fellow men, in order that he may per- tuate the slavery of more than two millions, the best friend have on earth shall seek to make his name immortal, I will best to—help him.

Dam up those rills!—they flow so free
O'er icy slope, o'er beetling crag,
That soon they'll all be off at sea,
Beyond the reach of Charlie's gag;—
And when those waters are the sea's,
They'll speak and thunder as they please!

Then freeze them stiff!—but let there come
No *winds* to chain them;—should *they* blow,
They'll speak of freedom;—let the dumb
And breathless frost forbid their flow.
Then, all will be so hushed and mum
You'll think your Atherton has come.

Not he!—"Of all the airts † that blow,"
He dearly loves the soft South-west.
That tells where rice and cotton grow,
And man is, like the Patriarchs, blest
(So say some eloquent divines)
With God-given slaves ‡ and concubines.

Let not the winds go thus at large,
That now o'er all your hills career,—
Your Sunapee and Kearsarge,—
Nay, nay, methinks the bounding deer
That, like the winds, sweep round their hill,
Should all be gagged, to keep them still.

And all your big and little brooks,
That rush down laughing towards the sea,
Your Lampreys, Squams, and Contocooks,
That show a spirit to be free,
Should learn they're not to take such airs;—
Your mouths are stopped;—then why not theirs?

Plug every spring that dares to play
At bubble, in its gravel cup,

† "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." *Burns.*
‡ "Here we see God dealing in slaves" &c.—*Sermon of the Rev. T. Clapp, New Orleans.*

Or babble, as it runs away!—
Nay,—catch and coop your eagles up!
It is not meet that they should fly,
And scream of freedom through your sky.

Ye've not done yet! Your very trees,—
Those sturdy pines, their heads that wag
In concert with the mountain breeze,—
Unless they're silenced by a gag,
Will whisper,—"We will stand our ground!
Our heads are *up!* Our HEARTS ARE SOUND!"

Yea, Atherton, the *upright* firs
O'er thee exult, and taunt thee thus,—
"Though thou art fallen, no feller stirs
His foot, or lifts his axe at us.*
Hell from beneath, is moved at thee,"
Since thou hast crouched to Slavery.

"Thou saidst, 'I will exalt my throne
Above the stars; and, in the north
Will sit upon the mount alone,
And send my Slavery "Orders" forth!'
Our WHITE HILLS spurn thee from their sight;
Their blasts shall speed thee in thy flight.

"Go! breathe amid the aguish damps
That gather o'er the Congaree;—
Go! hide thee in the cypress swamps
That darken o'er the black Santee,—
And be the moss, above thy head,
The gloomy drapery of thy bed!

* "Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell, from beneath, is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming. For thou has said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt myself above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north." *Isaiah*, xiv. 8, 9, 13.

"The moss, that creeps from bough to bough,
And hangs in many a dull festoon;—
There, peeping through thy curtain, thou
Mayest catch some 'glimpses of the moon;'
Or, better, twist of it a string,
Noose in thy neck, repent, and—swing!" *

Sons of the granite hills, your birds,
Your winds, your waters, and your trees,
Of faith and freedom speak, in words
That should be felt in times like these;
Their voice comes to you from the sky!
In them God speaks of Liberty.

Sons of the granite hills, awake!
Ye're on a mighty stream afloat,
With all your liberties at stake;—
A faithless pilot's on your boat!
And, while ye've lain asleep, ye're snagged!
Nor can ye cry for help,—YE'RE GAGGED!

* These fir trees that grow upon the granite hill, though they seem to have some heart, can certainly have no bowels, or only granite ones, else they could never give such suicidal counsel.

From the Envoy.

Spirit of Love.

Faint, weary, and heart-stricken, the Spirit of Love closed her drooping pinions, by the gates of Paradise, just as the slanting beams from the Central Sun marked one of the changes of Eternity. The golden ringlets that clustered round her lovely forehead, were dank with cold and heavy moisture. Tear-drops stood in her beautiful eyes; and her musical voice which had been wont to call forth the gladdest echoes among the vales of Paradise, was mute. The Eternal beheld her, and his spirit melted with compassion. He bent and lifted her to his bosom.

"What aileth thee, my daughter?" he said. "Hath the *siroc of the* desert overtaken thee? or have the cold vapors

f Earth oppressed thee with the heaviness of sorrow? ;peak, my daughter."

"No, Father!" she said, "it is not the siroc; nor yet ıe pestilent vapor; but a spirit more deadly, more cruel, ıore unsparing than either! Behold the Shepherds whom ıou hast set over the pastures, to keep thy flocks, have eased feeding the flock, and feed only themselves; and vhen they saw the wolf and the panther entering among hem and devouring the flocks, they rebuked them not: but hey eat of the flesh and drink of the blood of their own locks! and, Father, *only for the color of their face!* and vhen they find a black sheep they go about to slay him! Then they point to THY BOOK, and say thy hand hath vritten it there. Are not these, O Father, unfaithful to heir trust? Should such be placed to guard the sheep-olds of Zion, for did they not go forth from the caverns of he Evil One? Behold, when they heard my voice, they ;courged me, and entreated me evil, and cast me forth."

Then the ETERNAL wiped the tears from her eyes, and ;aid, "Go forth again, my daughter. Behold I have made hee a *chief instrument* in this great work. Fear not, for [will put into thy mouth wisdom to answer the cunning—rebuke to arrest the sinner—hope to comfort the despair-ing; and the blessing of the Eternal shall envelope thee as with a transparent garment, lettered with mystic char-acters—Thy sisters, TRUTH and JUSTICE, are already whis-pering, and thundering, through the nether world—Rest thee here awhile, my daughter; then go forth. *Thy mis-sion is to the heart.* Behold, *I give thee power to reach it.*"

Then the beautiful Spirit bowed herself before the Throne, and said, "Father, thy Words are life! I am strong. I live again. Suffer me to depart, even now; for I will not give rest to my feet till the work be accom-plished." Then, stooping down, she bathed her forehead in the Waters of Life, and went forth upon her mission: and when all of her own sex have received her into their heart, and are imbued with her spirit, OPPRESSION, and WRONG, and VIOLENCE, shall no more be known, in all the Earth.

Smithfield, R. I. 1840.

Petitions.

It is time that the work of obtaining signatures to abolition petitions was commenced in earnest. Never, perhaps, has the prospect of success and usefulness in this important department of anti-slavery effort been more cheering, than at the present time. The anti-slavery field has, in a measure, been suffered to lie fallow, for a considerable period, and, if now broken up, will amply repay renewed and increased exertion.

The encouragement to effort from the increased probability of a favorable reception, and proper consideration o the requests we make; both in Congress, and our own Legislature, is also very great. There is very little doubt of the removal of the odious "Gag" at the next session of our National Congress; and if the abolitionists of this Commonwealth will exert themselves as duty to the cause of human rights requires, they may confidently expect a declaration of the equal rights of men of every color, in the use of the means of conveyance furnished under State charters; and the repeal of the odious law prohibiting the marriage of persons of different colors, during the coming session.

Although abundant occasion exists for the exertions of the anti-slavery women of Massachusetts in a sphere so "appropriate;" yet the charge made during the last session of the Legislature that they only were desirous of procuring the repeal of the marriage law, and that the anti-slavery men had not sufficient gallantry to co-operate with them; should serve as a special inducement to the male abolitionists of the state to begin the work with zeal, and refute the false accusation by the testimony of thousands of witnesses.

H. W. W.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1841.

"Slavery as it is."

This is the title of a large pamphlet prepared and published by the American Anti-slavery Society sometime since. Though scores of thousands of this work have been scattered broad cast over the country, yet it has not had that circulation it merits. Could the facts therein revealed, be brought before the good people of the free states, I am confident there would be no more cavilling about "kind treatment" towards the slaves. The old stereotyped arguments, that "the slaves are contented and happy,"—that "they are better off than our northern laborers," "that they would not take their freedom if it was not offered them," and a thousand and one other objections, fostered by ignorance and prejudice, would be urged no longer.

Slavery is at war with the whole constitution of man, every principle of which cries out for freedom. The system is the most unnatural one that can possibly be conceived of, and requires the most unnatural means to sustain it. It does not rob a man of a part of his rights only, but lays the axe at, and completely annihilates the very foundation of all rights. It converts the person of the slave, body and soul,—that which was created a little lower than the angels, into a mere thing, a chattel, a piece of

merchandise, and then places *it* under the supreme, absolute and irresponsible control of another, and for his special benefit. The wants, feelings and desires of the slave are never consulted. The laws of the slave states declare that a "slave cannot accumulate nor possess anything, but is the property of his master to all intents, purposes and constructions whatsoever." He has no right to his feet, his hands, his bones, his muscles, his body, or his soul. His freedom of speech, and right of locomotion are completely annihilated. If it is for the master's interest to feed and clothe him like a prince, or to reduce him to a skeleton by starvation, he will do it precisely upon the same principle as he would give oats to his horse or place a fine guilted harness upon his back. Whips and chains and gags, excessive toil and painful starvation,—bleeding backs and broken hearts,—the tearing assunder the ties of family relations,—the separating of wives and husbands, of parents and children,—degrading ignorance and debasing crimes are the natural and legitimate results of reducing man to a piece of merchandise, and who is to be used for another's benefit. We here insert a portion of the editor's (T. D. Weld's) preface. All the propositions therein made, are more than sustained by the facts embodied in the work, and from which we shall occasionally make extracts.

As slaveholders and their apologists are volunteer witnesses in their own cause, and are flooding the world with testimony that their slaves are kindly treated; that they are well fed, well clothed, well housed, well lodged, moderately worked, and bountifully provided with all things needful for their comfort, we propose—first, to disprove their assertions by the testimony of a multitude of impartial witnesses, and then to put down slaveholders themselves through a course of cross-questioning which shall

raw their condemnation out of their own mouths. We vill prove that the slaves in the United States are treated vith barbarous inhumanity; that they are overworked, un- ierfed, wretchedly clad and lodged, and have insufficient leep; that they are often made to wear round their necks ron collars armed with prongs, to drag heavy chains and veights at their feet while working in the field, and to wear 'okes,and bells, and iron horns; that they are often kept con- ined in the stocks day and night for weeks together, and nade to wear gags in their mouths for hours or days, have ome of their front teeth torn out or broken off, that they nay be easily detected when they run away; that they .re frequently flogged with terrible severity, have red pep-)er rubbed in their lacerated flesh, and hot brine, spirits of urpentine, &c., poured over the gashes to increase the tor- ure; that they are often stripped naked, their backs and imbs cut with knives, bruised and mangled by scores and undreds of blows with the paddle, and terribly torn by he claws of cats, drawn over them by their tormentors; hat they are often hunted with blood hounds and shot lown like beasts, or torn in pieces by the dogs; that they ire often suspended by the arms and whipped and beaten ill they faint, and when revived by restoratives, beaten gain till they faint, and sometimes till they die; that their ears are often cut off, their eyes knocked out, their bones)roken, their flesh branded with red hot irons; that they ire maimed, mutilated and burned to death over slow fires. All these things, and more, and worse, we shall *prove*. Reader, we know whereof we affirm, we have weighed it well; *more and worse* WE WILL PROVE. Mark these words, and read on; we will establish all these facts by he testimony of scores and hundreds of eye witnesses, by he testimony of *slaveholders* in all parts of the slave states,)y slaveholding members of Congress and state legisla- ures, by ambassadors to foreign courts, by judges, by doc- ors of divinity, and clergymen of all denominations, by merchants, mechanics, lawyers and physicians, by pres- dents and professors in colleges and *professional* semina- ies, by planters, overseers and drivers. We shall show,

not merely that such deeds are committed, but that they are frequent; not done in corners, but before the sun; not in one of the slave states, but in all of them; not perpetrated by brutal overseers and drivers merely, but by magistrates, by legislators, by professors of religion, by preachers of the gospel, by governors of states, by "gentlemen of property and standing," and by delicate females moving in the "highest circles of society."

The foregoing declarations touching the inflictions upon slaves, are not hap-hazard assertions, not the exagerations of fiction conjured up to carry a point; nor are they the rhapsodies of enthusiasm, nor crude conclusions, jumped at by hasty and imperfect investigation, not the aimless outpourings either of sympathy or poetry; but they are proclamations of deliberate, well-weighed convictions, produced by accumulations of proof, by affirmations and affidavits, by written testimonies and statements of a cloud of witnesses who speak what they know and testify what they havs seen, and all these impregnably fortified by proofs innumerable, in the relation of the slaveholder to his slave, the nature of arbitrary power, and the nature and history of man.

Narrative of Nehimiah Caulkins.

The author of the following interesting narrative, is Mr. Nehimiah Caulkins, of Waterford, Connecticut, and who is a highly respected member of the Baptist church, in that town. Mr. Caulkins was introduced to the Executive Committee of the American Anti-slavery Society by twelve influential citizens of Waterford, embracing three justices of the Peace, two Physicians, one Commissioner of the County Court for New London, one Clergyman, one Post Master, and one Deacon, as a man of high respectability, whose character for truth and veracity were unimpeacha-

ble." We would urge upon the readers of the "Offering" to peruse with attention the following facts:

"I feel it my duty to tell some things that I know about slavery, in order, if possible, to awaken more feeling at the North in behalf of the slave. The treatment of the slaves on the plantations where I had the greatest opportunity of getting knowledge, *was not so bad* as that on some neighboring estates, where the owners were noted for their cruelty. There were, however, other estates in the vicinity, where the treatment was better; the slaves were better clothed and fed, were not worked so hard, and more attention was paid to their quarters.

The scenes that I have witnessed are enough to harrow up the soul; but could the slave be permitted to tell the story of his sufferings, which no white man, not linked with slavery, *is allowed to know*, the land would vomit out the horrible system, slaveholders and all, if they would not unclinch their grasp upon their defenceless victims.

I spent eleven winters between the years 1824 and 1835, in the state of North Carolina, mostly in the vicinity of Wilmington; and four out of the eleven on the estate of Mr. John Swan, five or six miles from that place. There were on his plantation about seventy slaves, male and female: some were married, and others lived together as man and wife, without even a mock ceremony. With ther owners generally, it is a matter of indifference; the marriage of slaves not being recognized by the slave code. The slaves, however, think much of being married by a clergyman.

The cabins or huts of the slaves were small, and were built principally by the slaves themselves, as they could find time on Sundays and moonlight nights; they went into the swamps, cut the logs, backed or *hauled* them to the quarters, and put up their cabins.

When I first knew Mr. Swan's plantation, his overseer was a man who had been a Methodist minister. He treated the slaves with great cruelty. His reasons for leaving the ministry and becoming an overseer, as I was informed,

was this: his wife died, at which providence he was so enraged, that he swore he would not preach for the Lord another day. This man continued on the plantation about three years; at the close of which, on settlement of accounts, Mr. Swan owed him about $400, for which he turned him out a negro woman, and about twenty acres of land. He built a log hut, and took the woman to live with him; since which, I have been at his hut, and seen four or five mulatto children. He has been appointed a *justice of the peace,* and his place as overseer was afterwards occupied by a Mr. Galloway.

It is customary in that part of the country, to let the hogs run in the woods. On one occasion a slave caught a pig about two months old, which he carried to his quarters. The overseer, getting information of the fact, went to the field where he was at work, and ordered him to come to him. The slave at once suspected it was something about the pig, and fearing punishment, dropped his hoe and ran for the woods. He had got but a few rods, when the overseer raised his gun, loaded with duck shot, and brought him down. It is a common practice for overseers to go into the field armed with a gun or pistols, and sometimes both. He was taken up by the slaves and caried to the plantation hospital, and the physician sent for. A physician was employed by the year to take care of the sick or wounded slaves. In about six weeks the slave got better, and was able to come out of the hospital. He came to the mill where I was at work, and asked me to examine his body, which I did, and counted twenty-six duck shot still remaining in his flesh, though the doctor had removed a number while he was laid up.

There was a slave on Mr. Swan's plantation, by the name of Harry, who, during the absence of his master, run away ond secreted himself in the woods. This the slaves sometimes do, when the master is absent for several weeks, to escape the cruel treatment of the overseer. It is common for them to make preparations, by secreting a mortar, a hatchet, some cooking utensils, and whatever things they can get that will enable them to live while they are in the

woods or swamps. Harry staid about three months, and lived by rubbing the rice grounds, and by such other means as came in his way. The slaves generally know where the runaway is secreted, and visit him at night and on Sundays. On the return of his master, some of the slaves were sent for Harry. When he came home he was seized and confined in stocks. The stocks were built in the barn, and consisted of two heavy pieces of timber, ten or more feet in length, and about seven inches wide; the lower one, on the floor, has a number of holes or places cut in it, for the ancles; the upper piece, being of the same dimensions, is fastened at one end by a hinge, and is brought down after the ancles are placed in the holes, and secured by a clasp and padlock at the other end. In this manner the person is left to sit on the floor. Harry was kept in the stocks *day and night for a week*, and flogged *every morning*. After this, he was taken out one morning, a log chain fastened around his neck, the two ends dragging on the ground, and he sent to the field, to do his task with the other slaves. At night he was again put in the stocks, in the morning he was sent to the field in the same manner, and thus dragged out another week.

The overseer was a very miserly fellow, and restricted his wife in what are considered the comforts of life—such as tea, sugar, &c. To make up for this, she set her wits to work, and, by the help of a slave, named Joe, used to take from the plantation whatever she could conveniently, and watch her opportunity during her husband's absence, and sent Joe to sell them and buy for her such things as she directed. Once when her husband was away, she told Joe to kill and dress one of the pigs, sell it, and get her some tea, sugar, &c. Joe did as he was bid, and she gave him the offal for his services. When Galloway returned, not suspecting his wife, he asked her if she knew what had become of his pig. She told him she suspected one of the slaves, naming him, had stolen it, for she had heard a pig squeal the evening before. The overseer called the slave up, and charged him with the theft. He denied it, and said he knew nothing about it. The overseer still

charged him with it, and told him he would give him one week to think of it, and if he did not confess the theft, or find out who did steal the pig, he would flog every negro on the plantation; before the week was up it was ascertainee that Joe had killed the pig. He was called up and questioned, and admitted that he had done so, and told the overseer that he did it by the order of Mrs. Galloway, and that she directed him to buy some sugar, &c. with the money. Mrs. Golloway gave Joe the lie; and he was terribly flogged. Joe told me he had been several times to the smoke-house with Mrs. G. and taken hams and sold them, which her husband told me he supposed were stolen by the negroes on a neighboring plantation. Mr. Swan, hearing of the circumstance, told me he believed Joe's story, but that his statement would not be taken as proof; and if every slave on the plantation told the same story it could not be received as evidence against a white person.

To show the manner in which old worn-out slaves are sometimes treated, I will state a fact. Galloway owned a man about seventy years of age. The old man was sick and went to his hut; laid himself down on some straw with his feet to the fire, covered by a piece of an old blanket, and there lay four or five days, groaning in great distress, without any attention being paid him by his master, until death ended his miseries; he was then taken out and buried with as little ceremony and respect as would be paid to a brute.

To be Continued.

Eastern Rail Road.

Within the last few weeks, several outrages, of a most brutal character have been committed upon colored people and their white friends, by the conductors and other servants of this corporation. The spirit of Lynch Law and Mobocracy has grown so rampant upon that rout, that well dressed, intelligent and highly respectable colored people,

of both sexes, who pay the highest price for their tickets, are subjected to the most scurrilous abuse, and ejected from the cars, if they do not see fit to degrade themselves, by entering into a small filthy negro-box prepared for them. Not satisfied with this, but every white person, who dares to remonstrate against such flagrant outrages,—such violations of law and good order, are subjected to the same insult and proscription. Our rights are indissolubly bound up with those of the slave and the free people of color. Already have four or five white persons been dragged from the cars, because they could not set still in silence and see their poor defenceless colored fellow citizens insulted, and outraged. The Directors are perfectly consistent with themselves. If they eject persons on account of their complexion, why may they not proscribe, insult and cast out their white friends? At Lynn, where some of the most barbarous scenes transpired, the good people have held several large and spirited indignation meetings, and condemned in unqualified terms the corporation, and have called upon their fellow citizens to send up memorials to the next General Court praying that all distinctions solely on account of complexion may be abolished upon rail roads. This is as it should be. Memorials upon this question should be signed by every individual in the state.

Something New.

ANTI-SLAVERY WAFERS.—Of all the various methods which abolitionists have adopted to bring their principles before the public, the ANTI-SLAVERY WAFERS, just prepared and published by the American and Massachusetts Anti-

slavery Societies are, in our estimation, the most effective. Every letter that is written, should be sealed with one of these wafers, every one of which contains some beautiful anti-slavery sentiment, taken from the scriptures, and writings of well known statesmen, philanthropists and others. Bank bills, which pass through the hands of abolitionists, should receive one of these upon their back. By this means our principles can gain admission to those minds where our lectures, periodicals and books could never reach.

For particulars, see advertisement on the cover.

Abby Kelly.—This talented and devoted friend of the suffering bondman, is now laboring with her accustomed efficiency and success in Rhode Island, where she will remain till after the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, which is to be held in Providence, on the 11th and 12th of next month. Her efforts are greatly needed in this state. We hope she will make Massachusetts her field of labor the coming winter. A new impetus has been given to our cause in those towns recently visited by her.

Edward Everett.—Since the last number of the "*Offering*" was issued, the nomination of this gentleman as minister to London, has been confirmed by the Senate. This, however, was not effected till after the pro-slavery press at the North had talked, foamed and blustered most terribly; and actually frightened the bragging, bullying South into terms, by threatening to divide the union, if Mr.

Everett was rejected on the ground of his abolitionism. This may be looked upon as the greatest victory that freedom, in this country, has ever gained over slavery. How soon would slavery be abolished if the ecclesiastical and political press of the North would speak out boldly upon this question, as becomes Christians and Freemen. Let them take a bold and uncompromising stand upon this subject, and they may rest assured, *the people*, the bone and muscle in both church and state, will sustain them.

The facts in relation to the cruelties of this most atrocious system,—its demoralizing influences, alike upon the master as the slave,—its debasing the higher and holier feelings of our common nature—its paralyzing the prosperity and industry of the whole country,—its influence in rendering the whole nation insensible to the great principles of justice and humanity, professedly the very groundwork upon which rests all our free institutions,—all these things, we say, are but to be seen and understood by the people, when they will immediately, and without reserve, give their co-operation for its immediate and complete overthrow: for

> "Slavery is a monster of so frightful mein,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen."

The following interesting facts are taken from the National Anti-Slavery Standard, which are from the pen of its interesting and talented editor, *Mrs. Child*,

They are a Stupid Race.

Of the many cunning contrivances to escape from slavery, we think the following is about the most shrewd we have heard yet. Two slaves in a certain county of Virgin-

Like worships like! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil.
I've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion,* at the Virgin's* feet
Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap!—an emblem meet
Of England's Queen, and English law:
Queen, that hath made her Islands free!
Law, that holds out its shield to me!

Star of the North! upon that shield
Thou shinest,—O, for ever shine!
The negro, from the cotton field
Shall, then, beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion, couched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle, screaming o'er it!

THE TEETH.—We would call the attention of those of our readers who would like to have operations performed upon their teeth, in the most scientific and workmanlike manner, to the advertisement of DR. HITCHCOCK, on the cover.

Dr. Hitchcock has published a popular little "MANUAL ON THE TEETH," filled with useful suggestions, and contains a fund of the most valuable information with respect to the science of dentistry. We are happy to learn that it has already passed through three editions.

---

* The Constellations *Aquila*, *Leo*, and *Virgo*, are here meant by the astronomical Fugitive.

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

"The Offering."

The next number of this little monthly, which will appear the first of December, completes its first volume. Those of our readers who feel disposed to renew their subscriptions are requested to send in their names with the amount of their subscriptions as soon as may be, that we may know how large an edition of the first number of the 2d volume to strike off. No pains will be spared to make it both pleasing and valuable. If any of our subscribers have not received their Offerings regularly, or if any errors have occurred by which they have not received the amount of their subscriptions, they shall be rectified as soon as we are made acquainted with the facts.

We regret to say that the "*Offering*" has failed to meet its expenses by a considerable amount. Within the last two months our subscription list has greatly increased, and we have strong hopes that it will not be much expense to us the coming year. This will depend, however upon the abolitionists of New England. They can increase its circulation if they wish. We shall have a few volumes of the Offering neatly bound and ready for sale by the first of December. It will make a neat little Christmas and New Years present. The price will be from fifty cents to one dollar, according to the expense of binding.

☞ It will be illustrated with a splendid portrait of that faithful and eloquent Philanthropist, George Thompson.

Rhode Island.

We attended the annual meeting of the R. I. State Anti-Slavery Society on the 11th, 12th and 13th inst, in the city of Providence. An uncommon large delegation was present from all parts of the state. This was mainly owing to the recent offorts of our unflinching and unfaultering co-adjutor, Abby Kelley, who has labored, the few months past, in that state with great success. It was the most spirited and interesting meeting we ever attended. We regret that the limits of the Offering will not allow us to give a lengthened account of the proceedings of the meeting.

The evening session of the first day contined till past ten o'clock, and was eloquently and ably addressed by several colored gentlemen. The impression made was most favorable. We heard many express their astonishment that colored people could speak so well.

The abolitionists of R. I. are wide awake. Local causes exist which tend to test the sincerity of their abolition. Probably most of our readers are aware that the good people of R. I, have no written constitution. There is no restriction upon the acts of the Legislation, which, on account of the property qualification, essential to become a voter, is created by the landholders. These comprise but a small portion of the community. The disfranchised class, or those who are not in possession of real estate to the amount of one hundred and thirty four dollars, have called a convention, and drafted a constitution, by which every WHITE man at the age of 21 is allowed the elective franchise. This constitution is to be sent to the people for adoption. The abolitionists have nobly resolved tc spare no pains tc prevent the adoption of this unnatural and proscriptive constitution. Should the abolitionists defeat the adoption of

this instrument, or cause the word *white* to disappear, it will, most assuredly, be another great victory over the slaveholding spirit of this country.

George Bradburn.

The voice of this devoted friend of the slave will not be heard in our legislature the coming winter, for the millions of oppressed in our land. Let the blame rest were it belongs. George Bradburn is an uncompromising out-spoken abolitionist. Yet there is no mistake about his being equally a thorough, unyielding and unbending whig. On all party questions he has invariably voted with the whigs. In point of energy, eloquence, shrewdness and talent he has but few superiors. Now why is it that George Bradburn was not elected, by the Whigs of Nantucket, a member of the General Court? simply because he is an abolitionist and an independent politician. The day is coming when Nantucket will be proud of the name of Bradburn, yet he must be immolated by the whigs of Nantucket upon the shrine of Southern slavery. The Democratic party are equally as proscriptive. Robert Morris, of Ohio, failed to be re-elected to the United States Senate, for no other crime than making a speech against slavery upon the floor of the Senate. We fear that the abolitionists of Nantucket have not been sufficiently faithful to our cause. The election of George Bradburn should have been a sine qua non with them. If we mistake not, the abolitionists of Nantucket hold the balance of power in their hands, so that no man could be elected without their consent. If so, they are highly culpable. No man will be missed more from the house than Bradburn. All parties

fear him. However his influence need not be lost. Bradburn would draw full houses in almost any town in this state, should it be announced that he was to lecture on slavery.

Plymouth County.

A most spirited and delightful meeting of the Plymouth County Anti-slavery Society was held at Hingham on the 5th inst. Our friends, Quincy, Garrison, May, Foster, Douglass, Lunsford Lane and others addressed the meeting. A good delegation was present. The anti-slavery of this county is thorough and efficient.

Public opinion versus Justice.

We noticed the outrages, in the last number, committed upon citizens of Massachusetts by the Eastern Rail Road corporation. Among the number of white persons whose rights and liberties were outraged was Dr. *Mann*, a highly respectable physician and dentist of this city. One Harrington, a conducter and a leader of the ruffian gang, was, on complaint of Dr. Mann, to the city authorities brought before Justice Simmons of the Police Court, for an assault upon his (Dr. Mann's) person, at East Boston, on the afternoon of the 30th September.

The facts of the case were simply these. We speak what we know and testify what we saw, for we were present and observed the whole affair. A respectable colored man was found by this Harrington in one of the long cars, who instantly entered, followed by five or six paid ruffians, who, from their appearance, were brakemen, firemen, and other of the company's servants, with horrid oaths and dreadful imprecations, gave orders to his minions to

take the colored man out. No sooner had the command gone forth than these savage looking fellows siezed him by his head, arms and legs, and thrust him out, endangering both his person and life, without giving him a moment's opportunity to leave, of his own free will. Many passengers present protested against this exhibition of Lynch Law. From the time the first assault was committed upon the colored man, one minute had hardly disappeared before Harrington, followed by his ruffian corpse, re-entered, and in a profane, bullying, blustering style, ordered them to snake out every abolitionist. Meaning those who had protested against his mobocratic proceedings, whereupon, Dr. Mann and several others were thrust out, though they had paid their fare through to Lynn.

Several witnesses of unimpeachable integrity testified that the facts, the substance of which we have stated above were all true. To counteract this testimony, these very mobocrats and others interesed in the employ of this corporation, came into the court and completely overthrew all the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, and swore that Harrington, the conductor, was always exceedingly polite and civil to passengers,—that the colored man was urged again and again to leave and take his seat in another car, as it was against the rules of the company for the colored people to ride in the cars promiscuously with the whites,—that when they attempted gently to lead him out, Dr. Mann and others interposed to prevent the regulations of the company being carried into effect, whereupon they were requested to desist or leave the cars. These perjured witnesses testified that no alternative was left but to take them from the cars, which was done without insult or violence to any one;

they swore, in fact,that Harrington was a perfect gentleman, &c. &c.

Justice Simmons discharged the prisoner on the ground that public opinion required the separate negro car, and thus sanctioned that all the outrageous proceedings which have been committed upon many of our most respectable citizens, by this corporation, created by the people for the public good. Thus, according to the decision of this learned Justice who, by the way, it is said, is of African descent, the rights and liberties of the citizens of this commonwealth are to be graduated by the state of public opinion. Let "public opinion" change so as to look down upon the poor in our midst as it does now upon the free colored people. Let one of the great political parties so increase as to embrace the prosperity and standing of our land. Let one of the Ecclesiastical denominations gain the ascendency over all the Religious sects in our country. Let the sentiment of this commonwealth change so that the Poor, the Religious and the Political heritic shall be dispised as the free man of color is now, and then "public opinion" will require a separate car for such, and should any one venture to protest against their "snaking out" he would be subject to the same treatment, and for all this the law of Justice Simmons is pliable and elastical enough to cover the whole. It was this doctrine that banished our Forefathers from their native country to the American Wilderness. It was this very principle which lead the Puritans to banish and brand the Quakers. Every murderous act of the Spanish Inquisition—The bloody deeds committed by almost every despot whose name disgraces the page of history, had as high authority for their acts as this learned Judge had for this despotic and ungodly decision.

Be it remembered that this decision was given in the smoky atmosphere of Boston, and by one, too,who knows but very little of the free and liberal opinions of the people in the country. His son, it is said, married one of the richest slaveholding ladies in Cuba, and of course he has by this time learned some of the benefits of slavery. We can assure His Honor that he was mistaken in his estimate of public opinion upon this question of prejudice. Within the last three months we have visited 54 different towns in this Commonwealth, and delivered 84 lectures on slavery, and have had Mr. Douglass, a colored man, travelling with us all the time, and the Eastern, the Boston and Providence Rail Roads are the only places where any distinction has been made. We have rode hundreds of miles in stage coaches—we have rode on the Lowell, the Dedham, the Andover and Haverhill—the Worcester and Norwich and the Western Rail Roads, and my colored friend was treated with all the civility of other passengers.

We will state one fact to illustrate the state of "Public Opinion" on this subject.

It was early one cold damp morning in Oct. that I entered the Boston and Worcester Depot to take passage for West Brookfield,to attend a country meeting of the Worcester South Division A. S. Society. The sudden transition of the weather from the balmy breezes of summer to the cold blasts of the North East, caused the travellers to muffle themselves up in their shawls, cloaks &c. The Depot Bell was ringing, warning the passengers who poured in from almost every quarter, breathless and exhausted, that no time should be lost in securing their tickets. Around the ticket office was a dense crowd, the individuals composing it, were scrambling to secure their tickets. The

mothers, daughters and sisters were provided with seats by their friends.

Among the crowd around the ticket office, I discovered a colored women, with an infant in her arms. Incumbered with her little charge she was unable to resist and overcome the force of the men around the pigeon hole of the ticket dealer. Dispirited and exhausted, she retired back from the press and sighed, but "I fear I shall be left after all!" On hearing this, I introduced myself to her, and inquired if I should secure her a ticket. Upon hearing this, the sadness and melancholy disappeared from her countenance at once. She thanked me and passed into my hand six dollars, and at her request I purchased a ticket for the first classs cars to Albany. Having fresh in my memory the outrages committed upon intelligent and respectable colered people on the Eastern Rail Road, I felt that this woman might need my protection and assistance. Notwithstanding I had learned that colored people were not proscribed on this route, I offered to escort her into the cars. To this she gratefully assented, and I gave her a seat near the door in one of the long cars divided into apartments, each of which were capable of accommodating eight persons. Here we were, (if any judgement can be formed from appearances) in the midst of gentlemen and ladies, according to common parlance, moving in the highest walks of society. Yet no one of the passengers appeared horrified or even molested.

I entered into conversation with her and found her affiable, intelligent, and prepossessing in her manners, and was anticipating no small pleasure in holding three or four hours conversation with her,but in this I was disappointed,for the train had hardly got under weigh when the conductor en-

ered our apartment, and stood silent for a minute or thereabouts like Banquo's ghost, with his eyes rivited upon us, and then disappeared. My colored friend appeared somewhat agitated, and I must confess that my heart struggled for my mouth. I had but little relish for controversy, and less for being insulted or "snaked out." While our imaginations were conjuring up the most unpleasant scenes, the conductor re-entered, and with doubt expressed upon his countenance, stood motionless, like a stature, for nearly a minute, which on account of our anxiety seemed like an hour. At last he broke silence. But how unprepared we were for what followed. Instead of cursings and blusterings, he addressed the colored woman in tones of the greatest kindness with "Madam, I fear that your babe will take cold, setting, as you do, in the draft of that door—Shan't I wait upon you into the Ladies Saloon where there is a stove." To this our friend assented, thanked him for his kindness, and followed him into a beautiful long car, fitted up in the first style with sofas, &c &c. To this, there was no murmuring. Now we should like to understand why "Public Opinion" requires such barbarous and inhuman treatment in one or two parts of the state, and in all other parts allows such developements of kindness and humanity?

Let the legislature put a stop to such proceedings. The petition relating to this question is placed on the cover of the "*Offering*." Copy it, sign it yourself, and then circulate it among your friends. Let every man and woman in your town have an opportunity to sign it, and when you have circulated it, please forward it to J. A. Collins, 25 Cornhill, Boston, free of passage, who will see that it is

presented to the Legislature. Let there be no delay at this point.

POETRY.—Read and commit to memory the soul inspiring lines in this number of the Offering. Read them, and then if you do not feel to labor for the slave's redemption, you may then fear that

"There is no flesh in your obdurate heart."

Christmas Week.

This, to the friends of the slave, will be an interesting week. The Committee on the Anti-Slavery Fair are sparing neither time nor pains to make the coming Anniversary one of the most interesting occasions of the kind ever witnessed. The women of England, Ireland and Scotland, have been busy with their fingers the present season, as the multiplicity of articles enumerated in their invoice fully demonstrates.

Will the women of Massachusetts be less active and interested in the abolition of *American Slavery*— that barbarous and inhuman system which is covering the fame, prosperity and purity of our otherwise comparatively happy country with blight and mildew, than our transatlantic coadjutors? If there is any individual who has not commenced working for this fair, we would say to such, dont delay to commence another moment. Much can be done in four or five weeks.

Poultry, butter, cheese, eggs and vegetable of all kinds will be acceptable. A friend of ours the other day, in answer to an application for funds to carry on the operations of the Anti-Slavery cause, remarked, "Iv'e got no money, but if you'll accept of 25 Bushels of carrots, they shall be at your service when "digging time arrives!" We saw

those carrots, sold a few days since, for six dollars and 25 cents.

To you, who are in want of useful and fancy articles, and have money to spend for them we say, wait till Christmas week, when your taste can be gratified from the almost infinite variety of things which will be exposed at the fair. If you cannot visit the city yourself, commission some friend to purchase for you. This all contributes to aid our cause.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair.

This eigth annual anti-slavery effort bids fair already to surpass all its predecessors. Those who have no hand in it, will lose some of the richest gratifications of human nature. They lose the opportunity of gratifying in one effort their benevolence, their conscientiousness, their love of the beautiful,—their desire for congenial society. The very flower of the Anti-Slavery enterprise is engaged in the occasion; and it will be a foretaste of the far-off Jubilee as well as a means of hastening its approach.

The women of Scotland—God bless them!—have risen "in the majesty of their mercy." A letter from the Secretary of the Glasgow Society has just been received by the Boston Committee of the Fair, full of steadfast sympathy and encouragement; enough to cheer the hearts of the most desponding. It accompanies a valuable case of articles not yet received from the steam boat, and announces that more are on their way from Scotland, Ireland and London,—the fruits of the appeal of the Women of Glasgow to the whole country, in behalf of the persecuted American A. S. Society. May the abolitionists of the

true old stock, ever take joyfully the persecutions of their enemies both secret and open, for every false friend or secret foe has been the occasion of raising up a true and faithful advocate. Again we say—God bless the women of Glasgow! They sent us George Thompson, to whom so many American abolitionists are indebted—They received our representatives, Garrison, Rogers and Collins, and now their generous hearts and diligent hands are united with us in that true fraternal love of our cause, and of us for its sake which is to us an ample reward for every just exertion, and a stimulus for every future one. We have secured the most beautiful hall in the city for the occasion, and we call with undoubting confidence upon *every town* where there is an abolitionist, to aid us. It is not yet too late: much may be done in three weeks. Begin then, dear friends, for the Cause's Sake, and let its friends hear from you. In behalf of the Committee.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Worcester North Division Anti-Slavery Society.

This Society held its Quarterly meeting in Gardner on Wednesday the 17 inst. The meetings, which continued through the day and evening, were large and spirited. The greatest harmony prevailed. Rev. Messrs Lincoln, Smith, Stacy, Bradford and others addressed the meeting.

The annual meeting of this Society is to be held at Barre on the 7th of January 1842. We trust that this will be a meeting full of interest. Large delegations should be sent up from every town in the division. Let the abolitionists in that vicinity see to it that this part of the busi-

ss is attended to. We hope to be there with our elo-ent friend *Douglass*, the fugitive slave. It is expected at Garrison, Phillips, Abby Kelley, and other speakers ill be there also. Worcester family is wide awake. Keep e ball in motion.

Stanzas.

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
Slaves crouching on the very plains
Where roll'd the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,
By noisy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
Slaves—SLAVES are breathing in that air,
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What, God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?

To us, whose father's scorn'd to bear
The paltry *menace* of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy Liberty and Light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fetter'd arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosom'd Dane
Re'ax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
From fetter'd soul, and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
And beg the Lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ:
"Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard old to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—
The gather'd wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up—up—why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom! not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain—the yoke remove,

And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To Truth, and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

A Colored Representative.

Our enemies will have it that abolitionists have put back the cause of Emancipation. Some say twenty, others fifty, and some a hundred years, notwithstanding the developements which are daily being made, give the strongest proof that our cause is advancing Rail Road speed.

A few years since such a movement* would have been treated with supreme contempt. Probably a coat of tar and feathers, and a ride upon a rail would have been the reward of the colored man for the impudence of his friends. Now the Boston Daily Telegraph can chronicle the fact in the following mild and respectful language. Straws point which way the wind blows. Does not this indicate the progress of our cause?

We believe there are between nine and ten thousand colored people in this commonwealth. It would seem that they were entitled to one representative at least.

* "BLACK REPRESENTATIVE.—We are informed that in the town of Townsend, there being some difficulty in the choice of Representative, in consequence of some scattering votes thrown by abolitionists, both political parties united in the choice of John Henry, a respectable colored man, as a representative of the town at the next legislature. We learn that Mr. Henry was formerly a slave, but ran away from his master in Boston, and has resided in Townsend several years, where he has accumulated some property."—*Boston Daily Telegraph.*

THE

MONTHLY OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1841.

Making Capital.

BY M. W. CHAPMAN.

It is the custom with the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in Boston to open their houses to their fellow laborers from the country, on the occasions of Annual meetings of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, New England Convention, and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, which are the grand gatherings of the cause. It was at the New England Convention, of 1841, that I availed myself of the friendly hospitality which has so much more of beauty in it, than the ostentatious display of plate, china and other things that usually go under the name of expensive. I went home from the first meeting of the convention with my town friends, to their pleasant sunny parlor in Poplar street, which I found as full of people as a presbyterian's, at anniversary time, or a Quaker's, at yearly meetings. The conversation, however, was far more easy and interesting than one can expect to find in any room filled with individuals all of one way of thinking. The variety of opinion, the novelty of expression,—the freedom of intercourse, keep the forbearance to utter anything unkind or uncharitable respecting different opinions, and the heartfelt views in the condemnation of wicked practices, which I found at the house of my friends, greatly delighted me. I felt as if one was repaid as one went along, for all labors in the Anti-Slavery cause.

At table I sat opposite to a handsome young man whom I had noticed at the meetings for his benevolent counte-

nance, and the awkward manner in which his clothes, "a world too wide" hung about him. His frankness, good humour and good sense soon made me forget the awkwardness of his dress, and when we parted, it was with satisfaction on my part at the reflection that the anti-slavery cause would have the benefit of such a grand advocate, and the young advocate the benefit of such a cause. He looks, I thought, like one that will be able to bear its odium without, and to receive its peace within, giving it his unreserved support, expecting nothing again. Time reveals to us that there are not so many such as we had supposed. No matter—the *cause* is none the less holy or dear.

After the evening meeting the company of the morning were again met at the house of their kind entertainers. The conversation took the Anti-slavery course, though not the customary one of the world;—first the progress and concerns of the cause—second, the news of the day. The channel of *general* conversation has become so narrow that news *only* can flow in it. Throw in even a few *inferences*, and it foams and overflows its banks, and you are made to feel how the pro-slavery spirit restrains the freedom of every New-England circle.

But to return. Among the newspaper paragraphs which were alluded to, was one respecting the rescue of the son of a Salem gentleman from drowning. He was saved by the exertions of a young Universalist clergyman of the name of Davis, said the newspaper. All eyes turned upon our friend "whose clothes like a lady's loose gown hung about him." He was *young*, a *Universalist*, (as had appeared from his remarks during the day at the convention) and a clergyman. For he had been introduced to my friend as the *Rev.* Mr. *Davis*. He was fairly found out, and being overwhelmed with questions, told the circumstances he had thought to keep to himself, and which would as greatly edify the believers in special providences, as they must every lover of humanity. He was in the

Gloucester stage, on his way to the Anti-Slavery convention. When they reached the Salem and Beverly bridge the draw was up, and they were obliged to stop. It was at the moment that a crowd stood shrieking at the side of the bridge that a child was drowning, "Oh, If I were only out of the stage," said Mr. Davis, I would leap off the bridge and make one effort for him." "Would you? would you!" eagerly exclaimed half a dozen voices:—The door of the coach was opened, he was helped out, and before he had time for another thought, he stood on the edge of the bridge. "You have a watch in your pocket, sir," said a by-stander: Davis handed him the watch and leaped over. Once he came up without the child. He fortunately had practiced diving with his eyes open, and so was able to direct his descent the second time; and when he rose to the surface with the child, a boat was approaching and he was taken in just as strength was giving way. The child was resuscitated, and all congratulated our friend Davis, as they slipped off his wet clothes, and endued him into the miscellaneous garments in which we now saw him. "This," said the friend who accompanied him (also a minister of the same denomination) "this will make *Universalist capital.*" "It *ought* to make *Anti-Slavery* capital, if it makes any capital at all" was the reply; for the thought that filled my mind when at the bottom was, what a stir is here about this one drowning infant, at the north: while at the south, how many a mother is there who would gladly choose such a death for the children she sees daily exposed to a doom so much more dreadful."

Stanzas for the Times.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toil'd to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?

Are these the graves they slumber in ?
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn ?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
With craven soul and fetter'd lip ?
Yoke in with mark'd and branded SLAVES,
And tremble at the driver's whip ?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
And speak—but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel ?
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow ?
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,
Turn back the spirit roused to save
The Truth—our Country—and the *Slave ?*

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
Round which the priests of Mexico
Before their loathsome idol pray'd—
Is Freedom's altar fashion'd so ?
And must we yield to Freedom's God,
As offering meet, the negro's blood ?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest Hell ?
Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought ?
Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell ?
Shall Honor bleed ?—Shall Truth succumb ?
Shall pen, and press, and *soul* be dumb ?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—
By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—
By Griswold's stain'd and shatter'd wall—
By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—
By all the memories of our dead !

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them set—
By the FREE PILGRIM SPIRIT nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—
By all above—around—below—
Be ours th' indignant answer—NO!

No—guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering man,
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians *may*—as freemen *can!*
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,
While *woman* shrieks beneath his rod,
And while he tramples down at will
The image of a common God!
Shall watch and ward be round him set,
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him
The danger and the open shame?
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
Which should have fill'd the world with flame?
And, writhing, feel where'er we turn,
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is't not enough that this is borne?
And asks our haughty neighbor more?
Must fetters which his slaves have worn,
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?
Must *he* be told, beside his plough,
What he must speak, and *when* and *how?*

Must *he* be told his freedom stands
On Slavery's dark foundation strong—
On breaking hearts and fetter'd hands,
On robbery, and crime, and wrong?

That all his fathers taught is vain—
That Fredom's emblem is the chain?

Its life—its soul, from *slavery* drawn?
False—foul—profane! Go—teach as well
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!
Of Heaven refresh'd by airs from Hell!
Of Virtue nursed by open Vice!
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South"—
Ye shall not hear the truth the less—
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,
No fetter on the Yankee's press!
From our Green Mountains to the Sea,
One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!

Narrative of Nehemiah Caulkins.

Continued.

There is a practice prevalent among the planters, of letting a negro off from severe and long-continued punishment on account of the intercession of some white person, who pleads in his behalf, that he believes the negro will behave better, that he promises well, and he believes he will keep his promise, &c. The planters sometimes get tired of punishing a negro, and, wanting his services in the field, they get some white person to come, and, in the presence of the slave, intercede for him. At one time a negro, named Charles, was confined in stocks in the building where I was at work, and had been severely whipped several times. He begged me to intercede for him and try to get him released. I told him I would; and when his master came in to whip him again, I went up to him and told him I had been talking with Charles, and he had promised to behave better, &c., and requested him not to punish him any more, but to let him go. He then said to Charles, "As

Mr. Caulkins has been pleading for you, I will let you go on his account;" and accordingly released him.

Women are generally shown some little indulgence for three or four weeks previous to child-birth; they are at such times not often punished if they do not finish the task assigned them; it is, in some cases, passed over with a severe reprimand, and sometimes without any notice being taken of it. They are generally allowed four weeks after the birth of a child, before they are compelled to go into the field; they then take the child with them, attended sometimes by a little girl or boy, from the age of four to six, to take care of it while the mother is at work. When there is no child that can be spared, or not young enough for this service, the mother, after nursing, lays it under a tree, or by the side of a fence, and goes to her task, returning at stated intervals to nurse it. While I was on this plantation, a little negro girl, six years of age, destroyed the life of a child about two months old, which was left in her care. It seems this little nurse, so called, got tired of her charge and the labor of carrying it to the quarters at night, the mother being obliged to work as long as she could see. One evening she nursed the infant at sunset as usual, and sent it to the quarters. The little girl, on her way home, had to cross a run, or brook, which led down into a swamp; when she came to the brook she followed it into the swamp, then took the infant and plunged it head foremost into the water and mud, where it stuck fast; she then left it and went to the negro quarters. When the mother came in from the field, she asked the girl where the child was; she told her she had brought it home, but did not know where it was; the overseer was immediately informed, search was made, and it was found as above stated, and dead. The little girl was shut up in the barn, and confined there two or three weeks, when a speculator came along and bought her for two hundred dollars.

The slaves are obliged to work from daylight till dark, as long as they can see. When they have task assigned,

which is often the case, a few of the strongest and most expert, sometimes finish them before sunset; others will be obliged to work till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. All must finish their tasks or take a flogging. The whip and gun, or pistol, are companions of the overseer; the former he uses very frequently upon the negroes, during their hours of labor, without regard to age or sex. Scarcely a day passed while I was on the plantation, in which some of the slaves were not whipped; I do not mean they were *struck a few blows* merely, but had a *set flogging*. The same labor is commonly assigned to men and women,—such as digging ditches in the rice marshes, clearing up land, chopping cord-wood, threshing, &c. I have known the women go into the barn as soon as they could see in the morning, and work as late as they could see at night, threshing rice with the flail, (they now have a threshing machine,) and when they could see to thrash no longer, they had to gather up the rice, carry it up stairs, and deposite it in the granary.

To be continued.

"The Offering."

This number completes the first volume of the Offering. The friends who feel disposed to sustain it, are earnestly requested to aid in extending its circulation. The volume is now bound, embellished with a correct and most beautiful likeness of that eloquent, efficient, and disinterested advocate of the oppressed slave, George Thompson. The portrait is worth nearly the price of the volume, which is from fifty cents to one dollar, according to the style of binding.

OCT 24 1944